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MICHELANGELO.

By John La Farge.

The hand that rounded Peter's Dome
And groined the vaults of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free.
—*Emerson.*

THE story of this, the greatest of known artists, has a background of history so extraordinary and tumultuous that it alone would give importance to any biography. The invention of the art of printing had just taken place. The boy saw the first enthusiasm for the unfolding of classical antiquity which molded the culture of the Renaissance. In his early youth came the discovery of America—the opening of the other half of the world—the beginning of that enormous Spanish Empire upon which the sun never set, and the consequent changes in the knowledge and commerce of the world. Slowly, in his early youth and middle age, came the breaking up of the political system of Europe, involving in his own land greater and more acute convulsions. The old man lived to see a changed world, disturbed not only by social evolution, but by great religious dissensions which later changed the very definitions of Christian thought. It was an age of extraordinary crime and passion, and also of virtue, whose records are among the most singular in history. Nothing in the State but was shaken, and the Church itself was tossed in such a sea as might make man believe that Christ slept in Peter's boat.

This background of an agitated world of hope and struggle and despair is that against which is detached the important personality of an artist whose extreme sensitiveness to all questions must have made the tissue of his thoughts even as expressed in the forms of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

At the time of Michelangelo's birth his father was governor of the little place of Caprese near Florence. When the family moved back to Florence, the boy's acquaintance with apprentices to masters in painting and sculpture in this city of art, developed in him a strong desire for some such life. He met the usual opposition from his family, who took it hard, and even beat him on that account, as was but natural and reasonable. They yielded, however, and we have the record which binds him as an apprentice in the painter Ghirlandajo's workshop on the 1st of April, 1488. We have some facts about his life there which must have left a great impression upon him from what later we shall see of his work as a painter, however much he has protested that he was but a sculptor. He became a sculptor in this way: Lorenzo di Medici, the "Magnificent," had adorned his garden with antique statues, and had placed a pupil and follower of Donatello, the great sculptor, over these collections, virtually to instruct any young men who might wish to use them. Ghirlandajo was asked to select from his pupils the most promising. Among them Michelangelo was chosen, and there learned the practice of stone-cutting as a workman, acquiring that practical skill which he developed further and further through a long life, so that the mark of his personal toil is famous. It gives to the actual marble an importance of expression that no cast, no copy, can render. The sight of the actual work even to one who knows it well by the photograph, engraving, or cast, is a special sensation, like that of the quality of a voice in music, untranslatable by another.

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The boy's earnest work happened to attract the attention of the "Magnificent," who determined to favor such a talent and to take him into his service. All about him, at the court of the "Magnificent," he saw the culture of everything that makes life beautiful, while at the same time the great for mastery is worth dwelling on, for it is the story of Michelangelo's entire life. On one side a culture more than pagan, a love of life all through, a contempt for abnegation of all kinds; on the other side a burning flame of spiritual austerity, condemning all, however beautiful, that might

PIETA.

MARBLE GROUP IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

opponent of the Medici, the searcher of men's hearts, the denouncer of pleasant vices—Savonarola—was preaching in Florence. Michelangelo was necessarily moved by the stormy sweep of religious revival that accompanied the first years of the great preacher's influence in Florence, and during all his life he remembered even the very sound of the great Dominican's voice. This picture of opposing views struggling fiercely turn the soul away from the path of eternal life.

The death of Lorenzo, in 1492, sent Michael back to his father's house, where he pursued those researches in anatomy which are the special basis of the art he developed. Such studies were only just beginning, and Michael is one of those whose labors made the knowledge that we carry so easily to-day. He carved and painted also. Whatever we can

ascribe to this early time is marked by the haughtiness which is the stamp of his work as of his nature. Times becoming dangerous for all connected with the Medici, young Michael fled the city and found work for a while in neighboring Bologna, whence he returned when Florence was again safe. Some small work of his caused an invitation from a patron of art to Rome, then beginning to be the new center of art for Italy. There he made the Bacchus now in Florence, and perhaps the Cupid (Apollo), now in London —the Bacchus a study of a beautiful young drunkard, and the other image the representation of a divine power. The statues show the separate faces of art which it was the aim of the future master to bring together.

When twenty-four years old, Michael was to imagine and execute with marvelous skill one of the most important statues of the world, unrivaled in the union of profound feeling and esthetic bloom of beauty. A friend of his, Gallo, obtained for him from the French Cardinal of St. Denis the order for what is called "The Pieta," the Virgin with the dead Christ on her lap. The statue, promised within a year, and carried out as promised, retains for us the solemn charm that surprised the Romans at the end of that century. The extraordinary knowledge acquired by the youth is felt in the beautiful body of the Christ, not copied, but studied from nature. The helplessness of death is represented without its harshness; the tenderness of feeling which the face and gesture of the Mother express, seems carried into the very body of the Son; and the sculp-

MADONNA AND CHILD.

BAS-RELIEF IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.

From a photograph by Brogi.

tor's idea of strength which has made him give to the Madonna a form capable of lifting and carrying the grown man, recalls or suggests the fact that he is still a child to her. We know that Michael purposely gave to the Virgin greater youth than could be true or was habitual in art. According to his habit of thought, now slowly forming, the exceptional purity of mind of the mother was told by the body. The reasons given by artists for what they do are but fragments of many thoughts: the sure feeling conveyed is still that of the mother and child.

With his entrance, then, to his twenty-fifth year Michelangelo had become an important master. But being still a minor, subject to his father's rule, he returned to his home, where his help was more accessible than at a distance. He had already begun the support of his family, which was in reality the main occupation he followed, treating himself harshly that he might give more to them, and meeting with the usual misapprehension. Among work done on his return to Florence is the colossal statue of David, made out of a great block of marble, which for a century had remained useless, owing to its having been so badly blocked out by a sculptor of earlier date that its shape was an unpromising one from which to extract a human figure. The idea of the David was a popular symbol of Florence as champion of a small, free community against the tyranny of greater powers. It is an ideal of courage and youthful confidence in a righteous cause, embodied in a figure carefully adjusted to the naturalistic view. It is one of the great statues: the knowledge and execution are both extraordinary; and one feels that the youth of the artist is embodied in the youth of the statue.

He was twenty-nine years old when he was asked to prepare the cartoon for a painting to adorn the hall of the Great Council in the old Palace of Florence, to represent a scene of local history. He chose a moment of the war with Pisa, 1364, when a band of Florentines was surprised, bathing, by the English band of mercenaries commanded by Sir John Hawkwood. Another painting was to be executed by Leonardo da Vinci, his only possible rival at the time. Da Vinci made both cartoon and painting, and both have absolutely disappeared. Of Michelangelo's cartoon, which was never painted, all that remains with certainty is a famous engraving of a few figures. How and when this gigantic drawing disappeared is not known exactly. Evil tongues charged an old enemy of Michelangelo's, but there are many fates which preside over the destruction of things. For a long time the drawing hung in the great hall it was to adorn, and the artists of the time came to study from it. The great cartoon makes a sort of division in the history of painting. For the first time an apparently complete representation of the form and movement of the human body was presented with that knowledge of anatomy that was to become common property. Upon that the young man rested for a time, absorbed within himself.

Pope Julius the Second, a man of large and simple ambitions, impetuous and uncompromising, desired a free Italy and a great Papacy. Wishing all great about him, and among other things, great art, he summoned Michelangelo, now twenty-nine years of age and famous, but not to the entire world, to come and serve him in Rome.

They were men with similarity of temper and loftiness of purpose, and notwithstanding the quarrels that ensued between them, the sculptor retained a sentiment for this other powerful and violent man. They were each what the Italians call "terrible"—that is to say, free to speak their minds on any and all occasions. The Pope asked him to make designs for the monument to be erected over his own tomb, which was to be of extreme importance. This monument, which was never carried out, was to be the curse of the great artist's life, and it is in reference to it that he looked at all other work, and brought upon himself long enmities, business troubles, and loss of time and health.

The Pope soon after fixed upon a wish to have the Papal Chapel of Pope Sixtus (the Sistine) painted as to its vault. The friends of Michelangelo believed that he had been asked to do this at the suggestion of enemies, to prevent his going on with the great project of the tomb, upon which he had set his heart, so that it is related that Bramante the architect, a man of great talent, but an intriguer and an unscrupulous manager, and the head of a band of artists including Raphael himself, proposed the scheme of Michael's painting the vault, with the hope that either he would refuse and displease the Pope, or, accepting, fail; and in either case Raphael might obtain the order. Of this, Michael remained convinced during his long life. He did not wish to take the difficult work upon his shoulders; he had scarcely painted, and he must have felt that weight which oppresses the artist of whom still more

MOSES.

MARBLE STATUE IN THE CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME.

From a photograph by Alinari.

THE THINKER.

MARBLE STATUE FROM THE TOMB OF LORENZO DI MEDICI.

From a photograph by Brogi.

is expected than he has given before. Still, it was a habit of the day to ask almost anything of men of great capacity, and in such way the project was not as strange as it might appear to us.

Protesting at every opportunity that painting was not his trade, with "God help me," Michelangelo undertook the painting of the great vault, the work by which, after all, he is best known and best measured, if it be possible to use the word "measured" for one of the principal artists of history.

Around it cluster many legends and stories, all unessential and frequently inaccurate, for the man was solitary. The great roof had to be prepared, and the building itself was unsafe and had later to be made more stable. Michael had the usual difficulties of the painter in establishing these facts, which were outside of his control, but which tended to an endangering of his work during its progress and after completion. He was abundantly right, as we know to-day by the many cracks, seams, and spottings that disfigure the work; and he appears to have wished to draw attention to this possibility for the instruction of his lord and patron, for he has himself painted here and there artificial cracks, anticipating the possible changes of the future.

We know that he was often discouraged, and that he could not obtain the help of experienced hands, from the very fact that they were unfit to fall into the new technique which he invented as he went along. So the tradition has grown of his having painted these ten thousand square feet of surface unaided. But, of course, it is not so; the mechanical necessities called for help, and he must have used it. It is, notwithstanding, the most extraordinary piece of technical work ever accomplished, both in perfection of handling and in the fabulous rapidity of the execution. Some of the most celebrated of the giant figures which fill this space have been painted within two or four days, and their finish is as admirable as their conception. But it is the finish of the great master. There is nothing more done than what tells the story. The Pope in his eagerness had the ceiling uncovered before the work was completed. The effect on

TWILIGHT.

ONE OF THE STATUES OF THE TOMB OF LORENZO DI MEDICI.

From an etching by Guillard.

the world of Rome and on the whole Italian world is one of the great triumphs of art. Artists recognized that a new style had been introduced, and that the limits of the art of painting had extended beyond their dreams. It is one of the intellectual honors of Italy that this was recognized on that very day, and that Michelangelo was placed almost where he is now. The greater meanings, the extreme reach of the artist, were not fully understood, it is true, and even the last five hundred years have only begun to show us by what a distance this man's work is separated from that of all others. He himself was necessarily dissatisfied with the result. In theory he was placed, as his friend Condivi says, "beyond the reach of envy," but in reality that very moment of triumph drew upon him again the machinations of the envious. Bramante at once asked the Pope that Raphael might have a share in the finishing of the ceiling. The Raphael of that day was not the one we know. He had not yet adapted the forms of Michelangelo to his own genius, so that the request was more preposterous even than it was unjust. Michelangelo's indignation at the plot broke up the project. He laid it all before the Pope, exposing the ill doings of Bramante in Bramante's own work as an architect, which, hurried by incessant orders, was often unsound and dangerous. The struggle between them, or rather between Michelangelo and the intriguers that filled Rome in that day of great enterprises and consequent jealousies, lasted for many subsequent years, stopped Michelangelo's future work, and embittered the remainder of his life. He outlived all, remaining the undisputed head of art, but we owe to this the barrenness for many years of one of the greatest producers known to the world. The ceiling went on, being completed in October, 1512. The artist speaks of his having endured "great hardships, illness, and overwhelming labor." He was badly paid. The disasters of his country preyed upon him, as well as his anxiety for the fortunes of his family, endangered by the struggles of the politics of Florence. His great patron, the Pope, was opposed to what Michael believed to be the interests of Florence, and the artist's friendship for his master must have struggled continually with the feelings of the born and bred republican.

The great vault of the Sistine is too well known for me to analyze its importance. Its whole scheme is that of a picture (according to the Bible) of the Creation of Man, his having sinned, his being punished, his being admonished, his obstinacy in evil; and also of the hope of escaping from sin, held out by the Prophets; of a better day in which sin shall dwindle, promised by the Prophets of the Law, and by the Sibyls of the so-called pagan world, who represent the constant aspiration of all mankind toward good and the hope of its final triumph. This vast story is told in the form of a decoration. Its importance is not only one of technical beauties, but arises from its being one of the greatest stretches upon which an artist has been able to express what is in reality himself. The poetic designs, the dramatic expositions, the tragic figures, are in reality subsidiary parts of architectonic divisions and ornamental arrangement. This is not visible to our usual mind. We have grown away, or fallen away, from the greater ideas of subservience to unity. The modern mind, meaning thereby the artistic practitioner of to-day, would make the "story" of his work, what we call the picture, so important as to destroy the sense of a wall embroidery. The greater man, capable of innumerable stories and master of the drama, has, on the contrary, made all the pictures, which themselves are among the celebrated works of man, subject to a great plan of ornamentation.

We think of this great work as the flowering of the Renaissance. It is in reality the last expression of the impulse and feeling of Medieval Europe. But it is expressed in a new rhythm of form that beats through every figure, and with a knowledge of structure and representation unknown before. The extraordinary love of beauty that possessed the artist, his sensitiveness to the wonders of the human form, cover the deeper feelings which he had in common with the men of a more intense past.

Pope Julius having died in February, 1513, one of the Medici succeeded him under the name, famous to us, of Leo X. The new Pope was offended by the characteristics of Michelangelo, and, surrounded as he was by a lower class of men, found no place for the representative of republican directness. Full play was now given to the smaller minds, either jealous of the great master, or who attempted to use him for their own devices. They could not breathe the air in which he lived. Nor could he breathe in theirs. We are limited by whatever our definition of life may be, high or low. The man of honor and integrity can hardly understand the position of those who

hedge in matters of integrity, and Michael suffered by his lofty ideal of life. The Papal court was what courts were, but tainted with

become, as his pupil Condivi called it, "the tragedy of his life."

His desires as an artist, his great grati-

THE DELPHIC SIBYL.

FROM THE VAULT OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

From a photograph by Alinari.

a looseness which scandalized the world. Michelangelo considered himself free to go on with the work of the tomb of Pope Julius. This never executed project was to

tude to his dead patron, and his rather rigid sense of honor, were tied up in the hope of carrying out the work to completion. It was Pope Julius' own impatient desire for

other things which had interrupted this work, and had left upon the artist unpaid expenses and the entanglement of responsibilities which he was unable to meet. He had been made to go far after material, quarry and store it, to engage workmen, and keep them beyond all profit. Years before, when applying for payment he had been badly treated, and incensed by ill treatment, he had sold all out, paid his workmen, and fled to Florence, pursued by the Pope's threats and entreaties. The city of Florence itself had been urged by the Pope to send him back, and fearing difficulties, had done so under the disguise and help of a form of embassy. When he met the Pope again the past had been forgiven on both sides. Julius meant well, but the cares of his office prevented his knowing what was done in his name, and he had died in debt to the sculptor. Changes of the plan were now suggested, and gave still more trouble to the artist and complicated the settling of previous arrangements. Again and again changes were made, owing to the constant interruptions forced upon the sculptor by each successive Pope who wished to have him all to himself. Meanwhile the heirs of Julius insisted on their claims, made new contracts and entangled the artist in legal forms which defeated their very purpose. Behind all this was the fact that his competitors and enemies had the ear of this very family of Julius, and supplied calumnies against the great artist which embittered his life and from which he was only freed by time. It was only years afterward, when nearly seventy years old, that the last compromise with the family was effected.

The years of Leo's reign and those immediately following were filled by hard work and adventure. Leo kept him away from Rome with projects for architectural decoration, and finally by the commission of the sepulchral monuments of some of the later Medici, in what is known as the Laurentian Chapel at Florence. Then Leo died in 1521. Adrian of Utrecht followed, and in November, 1523, another Medici and acquaintance of his youth became Pope, under the name of Clement VII. Michelangelo had left Rome in time to escape its capture and sack, and with his return to Florence broke out the revolution which exiled the Medici and forced the now republican city to fortify against the attack to come. Again Michelangelo was called upon, and made commissary-general. For the period of more than a year he helped by engineering and fortification the defense of the city. When by treason it was captured, Michael went into hiding to escape sudden death. Clement, however, asked protection for him, that he might go on with his work, and he again returned to the sculptures of the chapel.

These are the great statues of Italy, rivals of the Greek, equal to anything that man has done, unless we suppose that the Minerva or the Jove of Phidias may have reached further. All but that of Duke Julius are known by names: The Thinker, Dawn, Day, Evening, and Night. They are all charged with some abundant meaning, inexpressible by words, and that all this meaning is terrible, even in its most gentle expression, becomes evident when we turn toward the unfinished statue of the Virgin and Child, whose lines and motion are emphatic, as was Michelangelo's habit. There the meaning is clearly an intention of love and peace. The statue of the Duke Julius is apparently at peace; he fingers the money in his hand in a careless way, but he is not apart from the anxiety of mind that we discern under the shadow of the great helmet which hides the face of the other prince.

The beautiful bodies, their splendid movements, the nobility of their make, nay, even the imaginary faces of the two princes, are among the most lovely creations of man. It is we who are called upon to supply some hidden meaning, all through the beauty of expression. One might pursue this feeling even into the details of the architectural forms, which are used as a background for the figures and the tombs. They do not suit the strict architectural mind any more than the sculpture suits the professional sculptor, or Michelangelo's painting the mere painter, but the whole appearance, as you and I look at it together, is a page to challenge the powers of any architect to better.

The late Pope Clement, after much meditation, had fixed upon the Last Judgment to be the theme of a wall painting above the altar of the Sistine Chapel. This his successor, Paul III., ordered to be carried out by Michelangelo, who again was forced to the making of one of his greatest works against his will.

The Last Judgment was completed in 1541, when he was sixty-six years of age. It seemed to the artists of his day a grammar of the representation of the human body. All the old man's knowledge of anatomy appeared to the men of the day ex-

THE CREATION OF MAN.

A PANEL OF THE VAULT OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

pressed in this great document of learning. For most of them, in a period of general deadening of feeling, the astounding comprehension of the human form and the facility of representation were sufficient for the entire meaning of the work. At all moments of change, technique—the manner of doing things—seems to be the main object of admiration. And the painting was not only a monument of consummate learning, never equaled, but was painted with an ease and rapidity astonishing even in that period of most accomplished and facile workmen. For twenty-two years which had passed between his paintings on the vault and this great task, Michael is not known to have painted at all; and yet the practical execution of the Last Judgment is still more certain and facile than the earlier work, which itself is one of the most remarkable pieces of execution that ever came from a painter's hand. Here, on the contrary, we can follow, accurately, the artist's confidence in his own powers, as the methods of fresco allow us to tell just how much work the artist does in a day. Its execution is as careful and delicate as if it were slow work, while we know that some of these gigantic figures, replete with observation of detailed facts, have been painted in a single day. This touches a point of his character, a side of the mind or soul, that forced him, as it has others, to a fierce concentration of will and sentiment, which, increasing the interest taken, drove attention and memory to an extreme unused by the ordinary mind, except at moments of great danger or great exaltation. These great days' work the artist paid by days of fatigue. He says of himself some years before: "I have much work to do and am old and unwilling, so that if I work for a day I must rest for four." This capacity for overstraining followed Michelangelo through all his life and all his work. We know by the testimony of a French sculptor, who saw him at work, that he drove the mallet and chisel in such a way as to seem to endanger the very marble he was cutting. There is a year's work only on the painting which occupied him most of the time for five years.

It is necessary to speak of the make of the great painting, because it is one of the great technical monuments, though damaged and degraded by the indifference of man and by the necessities of use. Nails have been driven in it to secure the framework of hangings for great ceremonies; and the smoke of centuries of tapers and of incense has made of this, that was once a painting, only a large and grim cartoon. But nothing can absolutely destroy it. Not only is the painting the greatest example of a certain side of all art, and the most consummate representation of the learned art of the time, but it is the last limit reached in the conveying of personal sentiment.

We see the great Moses of Pope Julius' tomb, out of its destined place. Important as it is, we shall never see it right, for it was to be but one small part of a great arrangement. So for the two famous statues, the Captives, as they are called, which now rest in France. Rarely has the rhythm of the body been more wonderfully sung than in these, and the expression of thought in dream which belongs to every part of the body makes of the sleeping Captive a special creation of sculpture. The Moses, aggressive and terrible, belonged to the notion of strenuous effort and action upon men; it is a perfect example of what separates its maker from all other artists, the using of the entire human form as expression of a sentiment. This is a work of Michelangelo's full physical strength. He himself realized and has told us that even when the forces of his body were at their worst he still felt youth in his mind. But throughout his life it is most evident that the idea of another world remained continuously with him. It went along with the most intense and passionate admiration for the beautiful, as seen by the senses, and with a temperament of absorbing love.

To him beauty of the flesh is as a reflection of the divine idea, which will become clearer to the soul after death than in the body. These ideas are so absolutely a part of Michelangelo that they serve as guide in the understanding of his passionate devotion to the great lady, Vittoria Colonna, about whom he spoke much, about whom he wrote beautiful verses, and to whom he devoted much time in his busy later life:

> The heart is not the life of love like mine.
> The love I love thee with has none of it.
> For hearts to sin and mortal thought incline
> And for love's habitation are unfit.
> God, when our souls were parted from Him, made
> Of me an eye—of thee, splendor and light.
> Even in the parts of thee which are to fade
> Thou hast the glory; I have only sight.
> . . . . . .

But all of his affections were passionate; those for whom he cared, he cared jealously; and though he was a hard hater of all that he thought base, he was infinitely tender and kind to dependents and people in affliction.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

CENTRAL GROUP OF THE PAINTING IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

In these last years, when he was becoming rich, we know by the private records of his letters that his nephew was instructed to seek out persons in distress, who were to be helped without its being known to be from him.

In 1546, answering the request of King Francis the First of France for some work, he speaks of being much occupied by the Pope, though desiring to serve the King. Then he adds, in a vein that shows his direction of thought, and a humor which recalls

the last letters of the Japanese Hokusai: "Should death interrupt this desire, then if it be possible to carve or paint in the other world, I shall not fail to do so where no one becomes old."

When he thus wrote he could not know that he was yet to attain by heavy work, much study and devotion, fame as an architect, as great as was his already as a painter and sculptor. He was still to leave for future ages the Dome of St. Peter, some fragments of sculpture of the most intense expression of feeling, and verses which rival his expressions in the other arts. To painting and sculpture he bids adieu. During his remaining years he draws, no longer with anything more than the intention of record. Occasionally he works at marble, for the exercise of the body; yet once certainly with the intention, unfulfilled, of leaving an expression of his last feelings to be placed upon his tomb.

This, the most pathetic of all his work, was never used for that end. The same misguided admiration that pursued him all his life has directed the ordering of his sepulcher, devised in an absolutely different notion of life and death than was his. The broken and unfinished group of the dead Christ supported by his Mother and friends is half hidden in the twilight behind the altar of the Cathedral of Florence. Rightly said the Jewish master (Rabbi Trypho): "It is not for thee to finish the work, nor art thou free to desist therefrom; but faithful is the master who will pay thee thy reward." He had worked upon it at long intervals, and, displeased by defects in the marble, and suffering from the despondency which so often followed his struggles for expression, he began to break the statue; in another of his usual moods of kindness he gave it to one of his servants, and so it comes down to us. It is the most personal of all the works of the most personal of artists. It is he himself who in the character of Nicodemus supports the dead Saviour and relieves the Mother from the heavy burden. The face of the old artist, wrapped in a cowl, looks down with infinite tenderness upon the group of the Mother and the Son. Unfinished and fragmentary as it is, it is the most complete expression of the subject known to art.

The greatest of the architectural enterprises he was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion. He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first deviser; and their enmity and misapprehension of what was best aimed at a continuous thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment. "It cannot be denied," he said, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter, clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth." We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor can we see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing which Michelangelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea, as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur. Michelangelo's life might well close upon this final expressing of himself. He had retired within himself, and the ideas of religion filled the demands of his desires. He had been disappointed in many things; his ideal of civil life had disappeared from the world; he had not accomplished some of the work his heart was bent on; he viewed with austerity his own excessive enjoyment of beauty; he had met few other lives which could equally move along with his own. Perhaps he was conscious of his enormous importance, but he was modest beyond all other men, and devoid of what is called ambition. One great satisfaction he must have felt: he had toiled for the keeping of his family in their station of life, and the fortune which he left was enough to guarantee these chances. This was the moderate end for which he had created the marvels of art which belong to his name.

His death marked for all Italy the close of the great period. There was a contest between Rome and Florence as to which city should keep his body. Florence keeps him, and gave him a princely funeral, and the usual unpoetic tomb that serves for princes. Though both cities and most men of the time misstated and misapprehended many of the reasons for his greatness, they were not in so far different from most of us. It takes many centuries and many minds to build a sufficient intellectual appreciation of the man who perhaps was the greatest of all artists.

THE FOREST RUNNER.

By Stewart Edward White,

Author of "The Westerners."

CHAPTER I.

THE TIMBER THIEVES.

N every direction the woods. Not an opening of any kind offered the mind a breathing-place under the free sky. Sometimes the pine groves—vast, solemn, grand, with the patrician aloofness of the truly great; sometimes the hardwood—bright, mysterious, full of life; sometimes the swamps—dank, dark, speaking with the voices of the shyer creatures; sometimes the spruce and balsam thickets—aromatic, enticing. But never the clear open sky.

And, always the woods creatures, in startling abundance and tameness. The solitary man with the pack-straps across his forehead and shoulders had never seen so many of them. They withdrew silently before him as he advanced. They accompanied him on either side, watching him with intelligent, bright eyes. They followed him stealthily for a little distance, as though escorting him out of their own particular territory. Dozens of times a day the traveler glimpsed the flaunting white flags of deer. Often the creatures would take but a few hasty jumps, then wheel, the beautiful embodiment of the picture deer, to snort and paw the leaves. Hundreds of birds of which he did not know the name stooped to his inspection, whirred away at his approach, or went about their business with hardy indifference under his very eyes. *Blasé* porcupines trundled superbly from his path. Once a mother partridge simulated a broken wing, fluttering painfully. Early one morning the traveler ran plump on a fat, lolling bear, taking his ease from the new sun, and his meal from a panic-stricken army of ants. As beseemed two innocent wayfarers, they honored each other with the salute of surprise and went their way. And all about, and through, weaving, watching, moving like spirits, were the forest multitudes which the young man never saw, but which he divined, and of whose movements he sometimes caught

for a single instant the faintest patter or rustle. It constituted the mystery of the forest, that great, fascinating, lovable mystery which, once it steals into the heart of a man, has always a hearing and a longing when it makes its voice heard.

The young man's equipment was simple in the extreme. Attached to a heavy leather belt of cartridges hung a two-pound axe and a sheath knife. In his pocket reposed a compass, an air-tight tin of matches, and a map drawn on oiled paper of a district divided into sections. Some few of the sections were colored, which indicated that they belonged to private parties. All the rest was State or Government land. He carried in his hand a repeating rifle. The pack, if opened, would have been found to contain a woolen and a rubber blanket, fishing tackle, twenty pounds or so of flour, packages of tea and sugar, a slab of bacon carefully wrapped in oiled cloth, salt, a suit of underwear, and several extra pairs of thick stockings. To the outside of the pack had been strapped a frying-pan, a tin pail, and a cup.

For more than a week Thorpe had journeyed through the forest without meeting a human being, or seeing any indications of man, excepting always the old blaze of the Government survey. Many years before officials had run careless lines through the country along the sections. At this time the blazes were often so weather-beaten that Thorpe found difficulty in deciphering the indications marked on them. These latter stated always the section, the township, and the range east or west by numbers. All Thorpe had to do then was to refer to his map and compass. He knew just where he was.

The map he had procured at the United States Land Office in Detroit. He had set out with the scanty equipment just described for the purpose of "looking" a suitable bunch of pine in the northern peninsula, which, at that time, was practically untouched. Access to its interior could be obtained only on foot or by river. The South Shore Railroad was already engaged in pushing a way through the virgin forest, but it had as yet penetrated only as far as Seney. Marquette, Menominee, and a few smaller places along the coast were lumbering near at home, but they shipped entirely by water. Although the rest of the peninsula was finely wooded, a general impression obtained in the craft that it would prove inaccessible to successful operation.

Furthermore, the magnificent timber of the Saginaw, Muskegon, and Grand River valleys of the southern peninsula at that time occupied entire attention. Men did not care to bother about property at so great a distance from home. As a consequence, few knew as yet even the extent of the resources so far north.

Thorpe, however, with the far-sightedness of the born pioneer, had perceived that the exploitation of the upper country was an affair of a few years only. The forests of Southern Michigan were vast, but not limitless; and they had all passed into private ownership. The north, on the other hand, would not prove as inaccessible as it now seemed, for it possessed the entire waterway of the great lakes as an outlet. Sooner or later there would be a rush to the new country. He resolved to anticipate it, and by acquiring his holdings before general attention should be turned that way, to obtain of the best.

He was without money, and practically without friends; while Government and State lands cost respectively two dollars and a half and a dollar and a quarter an acre, cash down. But he relied on the good sense of capitalists to perceive, from the statistics which his explorations would furnish, the wonderful advantage of logging a new country with the entire chain of great lakes as a shipping outlet at its very door. In return for his information he would expect a half interest in the enterprise. This is the usual method of procedure adopted by "land-lookers" everywhere.

We have said that the country was quite new to logging, but the statement is not strictly accurate. Thorpe was by no means the first to see the money in northern pine. Outside of the big mill districts already named, cuttings of considerable size were already under way. The logs were usually sold to the mills at Marquette or Menominee. Here and there along the best streams men had already begun operations.

But they worked on a small scale, and with an eye to the immediate present only; bending their efforts to as large a cut as possible each season, rather than to the acquisition of holdings for future operations. This they accomplished naïvely by purchasing one "forty" and cutting a dozen. Thorpe's map showed often, near the forks of an important stream, a section or so whose coloring indicated private possession. Legally the owners had the right only to the pine included in the marked section; but if any one had taken the trouble to visit the district, he would have found operations going on for miles up and down stream, wherever good pine was to be found. The colored squares would prove to be really nothing but so many excuses for being on the ground. The bulk of the cut, he would discover, had been stolen from unbought State or Government land.

Thorpe.

Thorpe was perfectly informed of this. He knew that in all probability many of the colored districts on his map represented firms engaged in steals of greater or less magnitude. He was further aware that most of the concerns stole the timber because it was cheaper to steal than to buy, but that they would buy readily enough if forced to do so in order to prevent its acquisition by another. This other might be himself. In his exploration, therefore, he decided to employ the utmost circumspection. As much as possible he purposed to avoid other men; but if meetings became inevitable, he hoped to mask his real intentions. He could pose as a hunter and fisherman.

During the course of his week in the woods, he discovered that he would be forced eventually to resort to this expedient. He encountered quantities of fine timber in the country through which he traveled, and some day it would be logged, but at present the difficulties were too great. The streams were shallow, or they did not empty into a good shipping port. Investors would naturally look first for holdings along the more practicable routes.

A cursory glance sufficed to show that on such waters the little red squares had already blocked a foothold for other owners. Thorpe surmised that he would undoubtedly discover fine unbought timber along their banks, but that the men already engaged in stealing it would hardly be likely to allow him peaceful acquisition.

For a week then he journeyed through magnificent timber without finding what he sought, working always more and more to the north, until finally he stood on the shores of Superior. Till now the streams had not suited him. He resolved to follow the shore west to the mouth of a fairly large river called the Ossawinamakee. It showed, in common with most other streams of its size,

land already taken, but Thorpe hoped to find good timber nearer the mouth. After several days' hard walking with this in view, he found himself north of a bend ; so, without troubling to hunt for its outlet into Superior, he turned through the woods due south with the intention of striking in on the stream. This he accomplished some twenty miles inland, where also he discovered a well-defined and recently used trail leading up the river. Thorpe camped one night at the bend and then set out to follow the trail.

It led him, for upwards of ten miles, nearly due south, sometimes approaching, sometimes leaving the river, but keeping always in its direction. The country in general was rolling. Low parallel ridges of gentle declivity glided constantly across his way, their valleys sloping to the river. Thorpe had never seen a grander forest of pine than that which clothed them.

For almost three miles, after the young man had passed through a preliminary jungle of birch, cedar, spruce, and hemlock, it ran without a break, clear, clean, of cloud-sweeping altitude, without underbrush. Most of it was good bull sap, which is known by the fineness of the bark, though often in the hollows it shaded gradually into the rough-skinned cork pine. In those days few people paid any attention to the Norway, and hemlock was not even thought of. With every foot of the way Thorpe became more and more impressed.

At first the grandeur, the remoteness, the solemnity of the virgin forest fell on his spirit with a kind of awe. The tall straight trunks lifted directly upwards to the vaulted screen, through which the sky seemed as remote as the ceiling of a Roman church.

Ravens wheeled and croaked in the blue, but infinitely far away. Some lesser noises wove into the stillness without breaking the web of its splendor, for the pine silence laid soft, hushing fingers on the lips of those who might waken the sleeping sunlight.

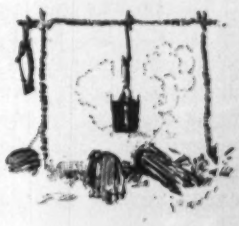
Then the spirit of the pioneer stirred within his soul. The wilderness sent forth its old-time challenge to the hardy. In him awoke that instinct which, without itself perceiving the end on which it is bent, clears the way for the civilization that has been ripening in Old World hot-houses for a thousand years. Men must eat, and so the soil must be made productive. We regret, each after his manner, the passing of the Indian, the buffalo, the great pine forests, for they are of the picturesque ; but we live gladly on the product of the farms that have taken their places. Southern Michigan was once a pine forest ! Now the twisted stump fences about the most fertile farms of the North alone break the expanse of prairie and of trim "wood lots."

Thorpe knew little of this, and cared less. These feathered trees, standing close-ranked, and yet each isolate in the dignity and gravity of a sphinx of stone, set to dancing his blood of the frontiersman. He spread out his map to make sure that so valuable a clump of timber was still unclaimed. A few sections near the head waters were all he found marked as sold. He resumed his tramp lightheartedly.

At the ten-mile point he came upon a dam. It was a crude dam, built of logs, whose face consisted of strong buttresses slanted upstream, and whose sheer was made of unbarked timbers laid smoothly side by side at the required angle. For the present its gate was open. Thorpe could see that it was an unusually large gate, with a powerful apparatus for its raising and lowering.

The purpose of the dam in this new country did not puzzle him in the least, but its presence bewildered him. Such constructions are often thrown across logging streams at proper intervals, in order that the operator may be independent of the spring freshets. When he wishes to "drive" his logs to the mouth of the stream, he first accumulates a head of water behind his dam, and then, by lifting the gates, creates an artificial freshet sufficient to float his timber to the pool formed by the next dam below. The device is common enough, but it is expensive. People do not build dams except in the certainty of some years of logging, and quite extensive logging at that. So Thorpe knew that he had to deal, not with a hand-to-mouth timber thief, but with a great company preparing to log the country on a big scale.

He continued his journey. At noon he came to another and similar structure. The pine forest had yielded to knolls of hardwood, separated by swamp-holes of blackthorn. Here he left his pack, and pushed ahead in light marching order. About eight miles above the first dam, and eighteen from the bend of the river, he ran into a



"slashing" of the year before. The decapitated stumps were already beginning to turn brown with weather, the tangle of tops and limbs was partially concealed by "popple" growth and wild raspberry vines.

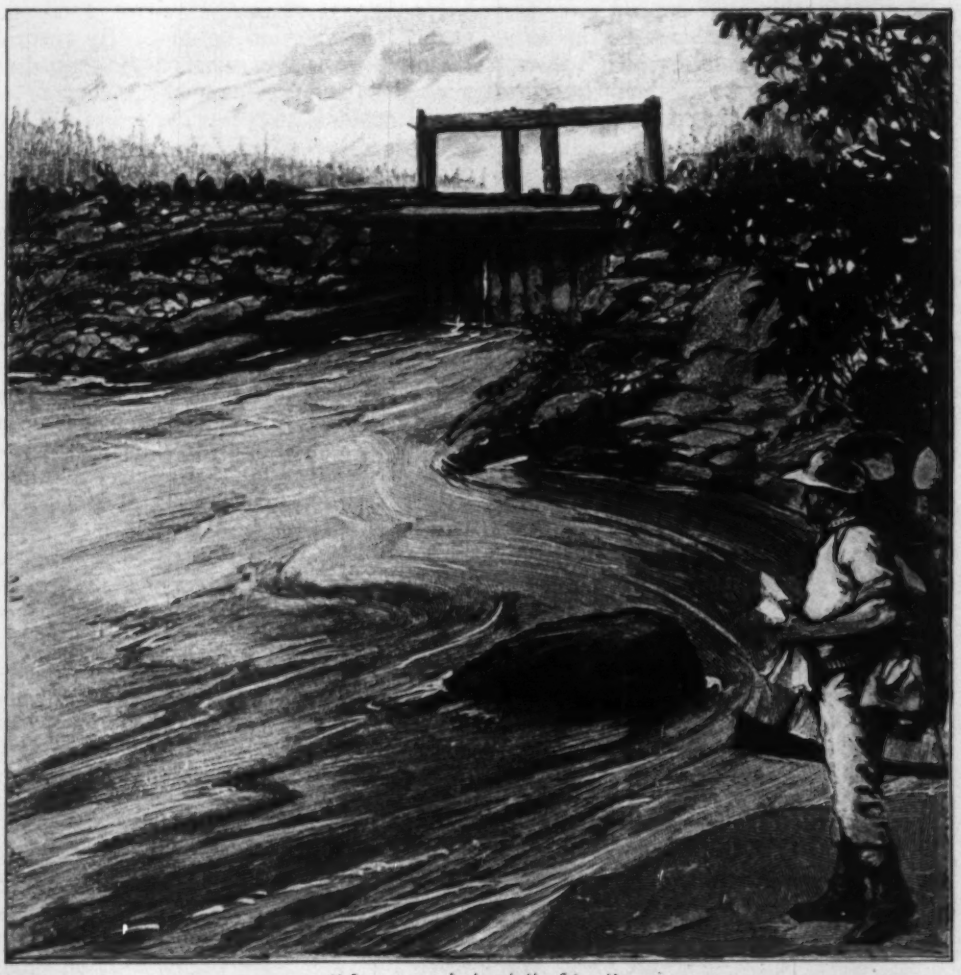
To Thorpe this particular clearing became at once of the greatest interest. He scrambled over and through the ugly debris which for a year or two after logging operations cumbers the ground. By a rather prolonged search he found what he sought —the "section corner" of the tract, on which the Government surveyor had long ago marked the "description." A glance at the map confirmed his suspicions. The slashing lay some two miles north of the sections designated as belonging to private parties. It was Government land.

Thorpe sat down, lit a pipe, and did a little thinking.

As an axiom it may be premised that the shorter the distance logs have to be transported, the less it costs to get them in. Now Thorpe had that very morning passed through beautiful timber lying much nearer to the mouth of the river than either this or the sections further south. Why had these men deliberately ascended the stream? Why had they stolen timber eighteen miles from the bend, when they could equally well have stolen just as good fourteen miles down river?

Thorpe ruminated for some time without hitting upon a solution. Then suddenly he remembered the two dams, and his idea that the men in charge of the river must be wealthy and must intend operating on a large scale. He thought he glimpsed it. After another pipe he felt sure.

The Unknowns were, indeed, going in on a large scale. They intended eventually to log the whole of the Ossawinamakee basin. For this reason they had made their first purchase, planted their first foothold, near the



"It was a rude dam built of logs."

headwaters. Furthermore, located as they were far from a present or an immediately-future civilization, they had felt safe in leaving for the moment their holdings represented by the three sections already described. Some day they would buy all the standing Government pine in the basin; but in the meantime they would steal all they could at a sufficient distance from the lake to minimize the danger of discovery. They had not dared appropriate the three-mile tract Thorpe had passed through, because there the theft would probably be remarked, so they intended eventually to buy it. Until that should become necessary, however, every stick cut meant so much less to purchase.

"They're going to cut, and keep on cutting, working down river as fast as they can," argued Thorpe. "If anything happens so they *have* to, they'll buy in the pine that is left; but if things go well with them, they'd take what they can for nothing. They're getting this stuff out up river first because they can steal safer while the country is still unsettled; and even when it does fill up, there will not be much likelihood of an investigation so far in-country,—at least until after they have folded their tents."

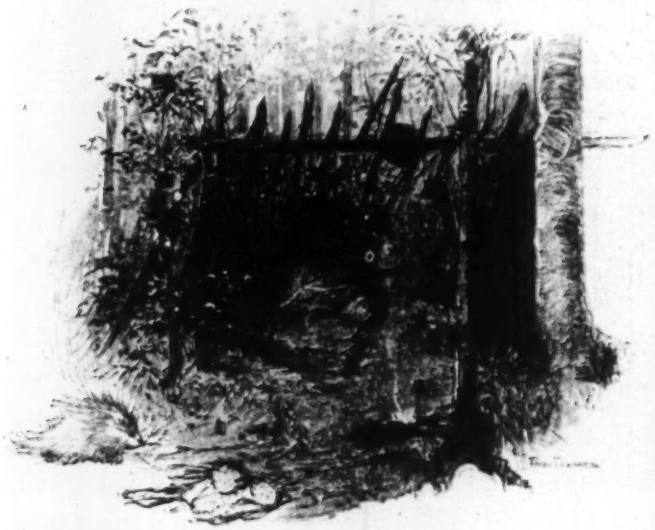
Thorpe knew that men occupied in so precarious a business would be keenly on the watch. At the first hint of rivalry, they would buy in the timber they had selected. But the situation had set his fighting blood to racing. The very fact that these men were thieves on so big a scale made him the more obstinately determined to thwart them. They undoubtedly wanted the tract down river. Well, so did he.

He purposed to look it over carefully, to ascertain its exact boundaries and what sections it would be necessary to buy in order to include it, and perhaps even estimate it in a rough way. In the accomplishment of this he would have to spend the summer, and perhaps part of the fall, in that district. He could hardly expect to escape notice. By the indications on the river he judged that a crew of men had shortly before taken out a drive of logs. After the timber had been rafted and towed to Marquette, they would return. He might be able to hide in the forest, but sooner or later, he was sure, one of the company's land-lookers or hunters would stumble on his camp. Then his very concealment would tell them what he was after. The risk was too great.

For above all things Thorpe needed time. He had, as has been said, to ascertain what he could offer. Then he had to offer it. He would be forced to interest capital, and that is a matter of persuasion and leisure.

Finally his shrewd, intuitive good-sense flashed the solution on him. He returned rapidly to his pack, assumed the straps, and arrived at the first dam about dark of the long summer day.

There he looked carefully about him. Some fifty feet from the water's edge a birch knoll supported, beside the birches, a single big hemlock. With his belt ax, Thorpe cleared away the little white trees. He struck the sharpened end of one of them in the bark of the shaggy hemlock, fastened the other end in a crotch eight or ten feet distant, slanted the rest of the saplings along one side of this ridge pole, and turned in, after a hasty supper, leaving the completion of his permanent camp to the morrow.



CHAPTER II.

THE CRAFT OF THE FOREST.

In the morning he thatched smooth the roof of the shelter, using for the purpose the thick branches of hemlocks; placed two green spruce logs side by side as a cooking-range; slung his pot on a rod across two forked sticks; cut and split a quantity of wood; spread his blankets; and called himself established. His beard was already well grown, and his clothes had become worn by the brush and faded by the sun and rain. In the course of the morning he lay in wait very patiently near a spot overflowed by the river, where, the day before, he had noticed lily-pads growing. After a time a doe and a spotted fawn came and stood ankle-deep in the water, and ate of the lily-pads. Thorpe lurked motionless behind his screen of leaves; and as he had taken the precaution so to station himself that his hiding-place lay down-wind, the beautiful animals were unaware of his presence.

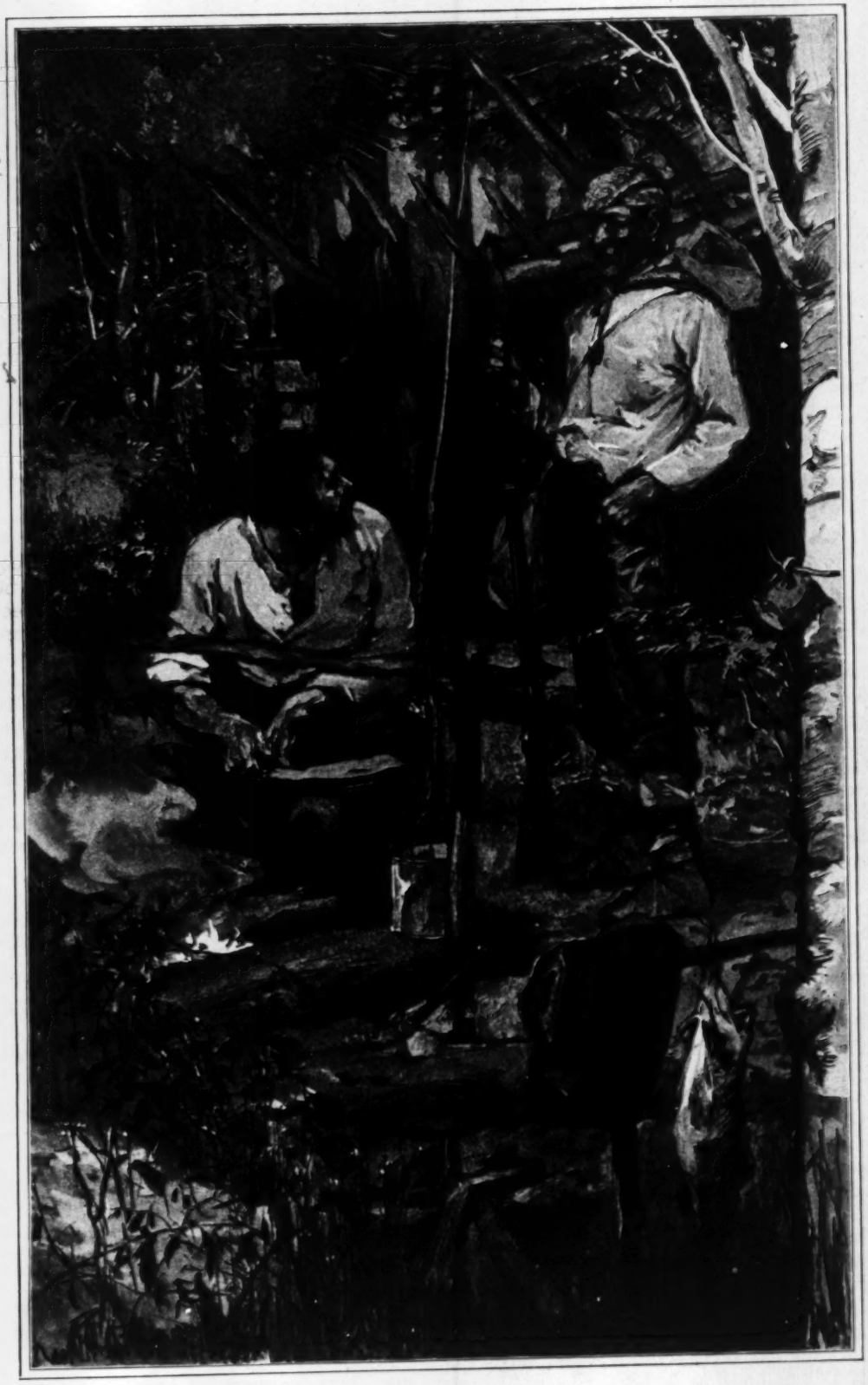
By and by a prong-buck joined them. He was a two-year-old, young, tender, with the velvet just off his antlers. Thorpe aimed at his shoulder, six inches above the belly-line, and pressed the trigger. As though by enchantment the three woods creatures disappeared. But the hunter had noticed that, whereas the doe and fawn flourished bravely the broad white flags of their tails, the buck had seemed but a streak of brown. By this he knew he had hit.

Sure enough, after following for two hundred yards the prints of sharp hoofs and occasional drops of blood on the leaves, he came upon his prey, dead. It became necessary to transport the animal to camp. Thorpe stuck his hunting knife deep into the front of the deer's chest, where the neck joins, which allowed most of the blood to drain away. Then he fastened wild grape-vines about the antlers, and with a little exertion drew the body after him as though it had been a toboggan. It slid more easily than one would imagine along the grain, but not as easily as by some other methods with which Thorpe was unfamiliar.

At camp he skinned the deer, cut most of the meat into thin strips, which he salted and placed in the sun to dry, and hung the remainder in a cool arbor of boughs. The hide he suspended over a pole.

All these things he did hastily, as though he might be in a hurry, as indeed he was.

At noon he cooked himself a venison steak and some tea. Then with his hatchet he cut several small pine poles, which he fashioned roughly in a number of shapes and put aside for the future. The brains of the deer, saved for the purpose, he boiled with water in his tin pail, wishing it were larger. With the liquor thus obtained he intended later to



THE MEETING OF THORPE AND THE INDIAN.

remove the hair and grain from the deer-hide. Toward evening he caught a dozen trout in the pool below the dam. These he ate for supper.

Next day he spread the buck's hide out on the ground and drenched it liberally with the product of deer-brains. Later the hide was soaked in the river, after which, by means of a rough two-handled spatula, Thorpe was enabled after much labor to scrape away entirely the hair and grain. He cut from the edge of the hide a number of long strips of raw hide, but anointed the body of the skin liberally with the brain-liquor.

"Glad I don't have to do that every day!" he commented, wiping his brow with the back of his wrist.

As the skin dried he worked and kneaded it to softness. The result was a fair quality of white buckskin, the first Thorpe had ever made. If wetted it would harden dry and stiff. Thorough smoking in the fumes of punk-maple would obviate this, but that detail Thorpe left until later.

"I don't know whether it's all necessary," he said to himself doubtfully, "but if you're going to take a part, take it thoroughly; and if you're going to assume a disguise, let it be a good one."

In the meantime, he had bound together with his raw-hide thongs several of the oddly shaped pine timbers to form a species of dead-fall trap. It was slow work, for Thorpe's knowledge of such things was theoretical. He had learned his theory well, however, and in the end arrived.

All this time he had made no effort to look over the pine, nor did he intend to begin until he could be sure of doing so in safety. His object now was to give his knoll the appearance of a trapper's camp.

Toward the end of the week he received his first visit. Evening was drawing on, and Thorpe was busily engaged in cooking a panful of trout, resting the frying-pan across the two green spruce logs between which glowed the coals. Suddenly he became aware of a presence at his side. How it had reached the spot he could not imagine, for he had heard no approach. He looked up quickly.

"How do?" greeted the newcomer gravely.

The man was an Indian, silent, solemn, with the straight, unwinking gaze of his race.

"How do?" replied Thorpe.

The Indian without further ceremony threw his pack to the ground, and, squatting on his heels, watched the white man's preparations. When the meal was cooked he coolly produced a knife, selected a clean bit of hemlock bark, and helped himself. Then he lit a pipe, and gazed keenly about him. The buckskin interested him.

"No good," said he, feeling of its texture.

Thorpe laughed. "Not very," he confessed.

"Good," continued the Indian, touching lightly his own moccasins.

"What you do?" he inquired after a long silence, punctuated by the puffs of tobacco.

"Hunt; trap; fish," replied Thorpe with equal sententiousness.

"Good," concluded the Indian, after a ruminative pause.

That night he slept on the ground. Next day he made a better shelter than Thorpe's in less than half the time, and was off hunting before the sun was an hour high. He was armed with an old-fashioned smooth-bore muzzle-loader; and Thorpe was astonished, after he had become better acquainted with his new companion's methods, to find that he hunted deer with fine bird-shot. The Indian never expected to kill or even mortally wound his game; but he would follow for miles the blood-drops caused by his little wounds, until the animal, in sheer exhaustion, allowed him to approach close enough for a despatching blow. At two o'clock he brought in a small buck, tied scientifically together for "toting," with the waste parts cut away, but every ounce of utility retained.

"I show," said the Indian; and he did. Thorpe learned the Indian tan; of what use are the hollow shank bones; how the spinal cord is the toughest, softest, and most pliable sewing-thread known.

The Indian appeared to intend making the birch-knoll his permanent headquarters. Thorpe was at first a little suspicious of his new companion, but the man appeared scrupulously honest, was never intrusive, and even seemed genuinely desirous of teaching

the white, little tricks of the woods brought to their perfection by the Indian alone. He ended by liking him. The two rarely spoke. They merely sat near each other and smoked. One evening the Indian suddenly remarked:

"You look 'um tree."

"What's that?" cried Thorpe, startled.

"You no hunter, no trapper. You look 'um tree for make 'um lumber."

The white had not begun as yet his explorations. He did not dare until the return of the logging crew or the passing of some one in authority at the up-river camp, for he wished first to establish in their minds the innocence of his intentions.

"What makes you think that, Charley?" he asked.

"You good man in woods," replied Injin Charley sententiously. "I tell by way you look at him pine."

Thorpe ruminated.

"Charley," said he, "why are you staying here with me?"

"Big frien'," replied the Indian promptly.

"Why are you my friend? What have I ever done for you?"

"You gottum chief's eye," replied his companion with simplicity.

Thorpe looked at the Indian again. There seemed to him only one course.

"Yes, I'm a lumberman," he confessed, "and I'm looking for pine. But, Charley, the men up the river must not know what I'm after."

"Then they gettum pine," interjected the Indian like a flash.

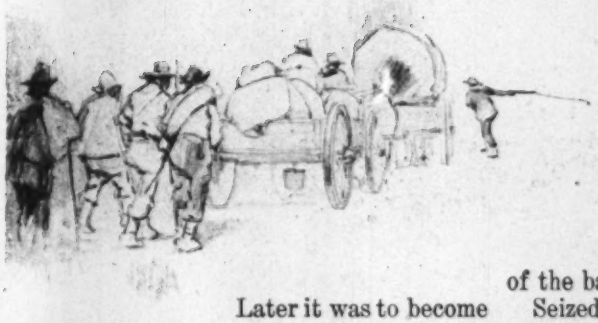
"Exactly," replied Thorpe, surprised afresh at the other's perspicacity.

"Good," ejaculated Injin Charley, and fell silent.

With this, the longest conversation the two had attempted in their peculiar acquaintance, Thorpe was forced to be content. He was, however, ill at ease over the incident. It added an element of uncertainty to an already precarious position.

Three days later he was intensely thankful the conversation had taken place.

After the noon meal he lay on his blanket under the hemlock shelter, smoking and lazily watching Injin Charley busy at the side of the trail. The Indian had terminated a long two days' search by toting from the forest a number of strips of the outer bark of white birch in its green state, pliable as cotton, thick as leather, and light as air. These he had cut into arbitrary patterns known only to himself, and was now sewing as a long, shapeless sort of bag or sack to a slender beechwood oval.



Later it was to become a birch-bark canoe, and the beechwood oval would be the gunwale.

So idly intent was Thorpe on this piece of construction, that he did not notice the approach of two men from the down-stream side. They were short, alert men, plodding along with the knee-bent persistency of the woods-walker, dressed in broad hats, flannel shirts, coarse trousers tucked in high-laced "cruisers," and carrying each a bulging meal-sack looped by a cord across the shoulders and chest. Both were armed with long slender scaler's rules. The first intimation Thorpe received of the presence of these two men was the sound of their voices addressing Injin Charley.

"Hullo, Charley," said one of them, "what you doing here? Ain't seen you since th' Sturgeon district."

"Mak' um canoe," replied Charley, rather obviously.

"So I see. But what you expect to get in this God-forsaken country?"

"Beaver, muskrat, mink, otter."

"Trapping, eh?" The man gazed keenly at Thorpe's recumbent figure. "Who's th' other fellow?"

Thorpe held his breath; then exhaled it in a long sigh of relief.

"Him white man," Injin Charley was replying. "Him hunt, too. Him mak' um buckskin."

The land-looker arose lazily and sauntered toward the group. It was part of his plan to be well recognized, so that in the future he might arouse no suspicions.

"Howdy," he drawled. "Got any smokin'?"

"How are you?" replied one of the scalers, eyeing him sharply, and tendering his pouch. Thorpe filled his pipe deliberately, and returned it with a heavy-lidded glance of thanks. To all appearance he was one of the lazy, shiftless white hunters of the backwoods.

Seized with an inspiration, he said, "What sort of chances is they at your camp for a little flour? Me an' Charley's about out. I'll bring you meat, or I'll make you boys moccasins. I got some good buckskin."

It was the usual proposition.

"Pretty good, I guess. Come up and see," advised the scaler. "The crew's right behind us."

"I'll send up Charley," drawled Thorpe; "I'm busy now makin' traps." He waved his pipe, calling attention to the pine and raw-hide dead-falls.

They chatted a few moments, practically and with an eye to the strict utility of things about them, as became woodsmen. Then two wagons lurched by, creaking, followed by fifteen or twenty men. The last of these, evidently the foreman, was joined by the two scalers.

"What's that outfit?" he inquired with the sharpness of suspicion.

"Old Injin Charley—you remember, the old boy that tanned that buck for you down on Cedar Creek."

"Yes, but the other fellow?"

"Oh, a hunter," replied the scaler carelessly.

"Sure?"

The man laughed. "Couldn't be nothin' else," he asserted with confidence. "Regular old backwoods moss-back."

At the same time Injin Charley was setting about the splitting of a cedar log.

"You see," he remarked, "I big frien'."

(To be continued.)

"WHO SHOULD HE MEET UP WITH ON THE CROSSROADS BUT THE OULD FAIRY DOCTOR, SHEELA MAGUIRE."

DARBY GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE.

By Herminie Templeton.

ON the road between Kilcuny and Balinderg, Jerry Murtaugh, the car-driver, told me his story:

Although only one living man of his own free will ever went among them there, still, any well-learned person in Ireland can tell you that the abode of the Good People is in the hollow heart of the great mountain Sleive-na-mon. That same one man was Darby Gill, a cousin of my own mother.

One night the Good People took the eldest of Darby's three fine pigs. The next week a second pig went the same way. The third week not a thing had Darby left for the Balinrobe fair. You may aisily think how sore and sorry the poor man was, an' how Bridget his wife an' the childher carried on. The rent was due, and all left was to sell his cow Rosie to pay it. Rosie was the apple of his eye; he admired and rayspected the pigs, but he loved Rosie.

Worst luck of all was yet to come. On the morning when Darby went for the cow to bring her into market, bad scrans to the hoof was there; but in her place only a wisp of dirty straw to mock him. Millia murther! What a howlin' and screechin' and cursin' did Darby bring back to the house!

Now Darby was a bould man, and a desperate man in his anger, as you soon will see. He shoved his feet into a pair of brogues, clapped his hat on his head, gripped his stick in his hand.

"Fairy or no fairy, ghost or goblin, livin' or dead, who took Rosie'll rue this day," he says.

With those wild words he bolted in the direction of Sleive-na-mon.

All day long he climbed like an ant over the hill, looking for a hole or cave through which he could get at the prison of Rosie. At times he struck the rocks with his blackthorn, cryin' out challenge.

"Come out, you that took her," he called. "If ye have the courage of a mouse, ye murtherin' thieves, come out!"

No one made answer—at laste, not just then. But at night, as he turned, hungry and footsore, toward home, who should he meet up with on the crossroads but the ould fairy doctor, Sheela Maguire. Well known she was as a spy for the Good People. She spoke up:

"Oh, then, you're the foolish, blundherin'-headed man to be saying what you've said, and doing what you've done this day, Darby Gill," says she.

"What do I care!" says he fiercely.

"WAVING IN THE AIR AT ROSIE'S TAIL LIKE A FLAG."

"I'd fight the divil to-night for my beautiful cow."

"Then go into Mrs. Hagan's meadow beyant," says Sheela, "and wait till the moon is up. By-an'-by ye'll see a herd of cows come down from the mountain, and yer own'll be among them."

"What'll I do then?" asked Darby, his voice thrembling with excitement.

"Sorra a hair I care what ye do! But there'll be lads there, and hundreds you won't see, that'll stand no ill words, Darby Gill."

"I thank you kindly," says Darby, "and I bid you good-evening, ma'am." He turned away, leaving her standing there alone, looking after him; but he was sure he heard voices talkin' to her, and laughin' and tittherin' behind him.

It was dark night when Darby stretched himself on the ground in Hagan's meadow; the yellow rim of the moon just tipped the edge of the hills. The time passed mortal slow; and it was an hour later when a hundred slow shadows, stirring up the mists, crept from the mountain way toward him. First he must find was Rosie among the herd. To creep quiet as a cat through the hedge and reach the first cow was only a minute's work. Then his plan—to wait till cock-crow—with all other sober, sensible thoughts, went clean out of the lad's head before his rage; for, cropping eagerly the long sweet grass, the first baste he met was Rosie.

With a leap Darby was behind her, his stick falling sharply on her flanks. The ingratitude of that cow almost broke Darby's heart. Rosie turned fiercely on him, with a vicious lunge, her two horns aimed at his breast. There was no suppler boy in the parish than Darby, and well for him it was so, for the mad rush the cow gave would have caught any man the laste thrifle heavy on his legs, and ended his days right there.

As it was, our hayro sprang to one side. As Rosie passed, his left hand gripped her tail. When one of the Gills takes hould of a thing, he hangs on like a bull terrier. Away he went, rushing with her.

Now began a race the like of which was never heard of before or since. Ten jumps to the second, and a hundred feet to the jump. Rosie's tail standing straight up in the air, firm as an iron bar, and Darby floating straight out behind; a thousand furious fairies flying a short distance after, filling the air with wild commands and threatenings.

Suddenly the sky opened for a crash of lightning that shivered the hills, and a roar of thunder that turned out of their beds every man, woman, and child in four counties. Flash after flash came the lightning, hitting on every side of Darby. If it wasn't for fear of hurting Rosie, the fairies would sartenly have killed Darby. As it was, he was stiff with fear, afraid to hould on and afraid to lave go, but flew, waving in the air at Rosie's tail like a flag.

As the cow turned into the long, narrow valley which cuts into the east side of the mountain, the Good People caught up with the pair, and what they didn't do to Darby,

"THERE SHE WAS, GLIDING BACK AND FORTH."

in the line of sticking pins, pulling whiskers, and pinching wouldn't take long to tell. In troth, he was just about to let go his hould, and take the chances of a fall, when the hillside opened and—whisk! the cow turned into the mountain. Darby found himself flying down a wide, high passage which grew lighter as he went along. He heard the opening behind shut like a trap, and his heart almost stopped beating, for this was the fairies' home in the heart of Sleive-na-mon. He was captured by them!

When Rosie stopped, so stiff were all Darby's joints, that he had great trouble loosening himself to come down. He landed among a lot of angry-faced little people, each no higher than your hand, every one wearing a green velvet cloak and a red cap.

"We'll take him to the king," says a red-whiskered wee chap. "What he'll do to the murtherin' spalpeen 'll be good and plenty!"

With that they marched our bould Darby, a prisoner, down the long passage, which every second grew wider and lighter, and fuller of little people.

Sometimes, though, he met with human beings like himself, only the black charm was on them, they having been stolen at some time by the Good People. He saw Lost People there from every parish in Ireland, both commoners and gentry. Each was laughing, talking, and divarting himself with another. Off to the sides he could see small cobblers making brogues, tinkers mending pans, tailors sewing cloth, smiths hammering horseshoes, every one merrily to his trade, making a divarsion out of work.

Down near the center of the mountain was a room twenty times higher and broader than the biggest church in the world. As they drew near this room, there arose the sound of a reel played on bagpipes. The music was so bewitching that Darby, who was the gracefullest reel dancer in all Ireland, could hardly make his feet behave.

At the room's edge Darby stopped short and caught his breath, the sight was so entrancing. Set over the broad floor were thousands and thousands of the Good People, facing this way and that, and dancing to a reel; while on a throne in the middle of the room sat ould Brian Conners, King of the Fairies, blowing on the bagpipes. The little king, with a goold crown on his head, wearing a beautiful green velvet coat and red knee breeches, sat with his legs crossed, beating time with his foot to the music.

There were many from Darby's own parish; and what was his surprise to see there Maureen McGibney, his own wife's sister, whom he had supposed resting dacintly in her grave in holy ground these three years.

There she was, gliding back and forth, ferninst a little gray-whiskered, round-stomached fairy man, as though there was never a care nor a sorrow in the world.

As I told you before, I tell you again, Darby was the finest reel dancer in all Ireland; and he came from a family of dancers, though I say it who shouldn't, as he was my mother's own cousin. Three things in

MAUREEN McGIBNEY AND DARBY.

the world banish sorrow—love and whisky and music. So, when the surprise of it all melted a little, Darby's feet led him in to the thick of the throng, right under the throne of the king, where he flung care to the winds, and put his heart and mind into his two nimble feet. Darby's dancing was such that purty soon those around stood still to admire.

Backward and forward, sidestep and turn; cross over, then forward; a hand on his hip and his stick twirling free; sidestep and forward; cross over again; bow to his partner, and hammer the floor.

It wasn't long till half the dancers crowded around admiring, clapping their hands, and shouting encouragement. The ould king grew so excited that he laid down the pipes, took up his fiddle, came down from the throne, and standing ferninst Darby began a finer tune than the first.

The dancing lasted a whole hour, no one speaking a word except to cry out, "Foot it, ye divil!" "Aisy now, he's threading on flowers!" "More power to you!" "Play faster, king!" "Hooroo! hooroo! hooray!"

Then the king stopped and said:

"Well, that bates Banagher, and Banagher bates the world! Who are you, and how came you here?"

Then Darby up and tould the whole story.

When he had finished, the king looked sayrious. "I'm glad you came, an' I'm sorry you came," he says. "If we had put our charm on you outside to bring you in, you'd never die till the end of the world, when we here must all go to hell. But," he added quickly, "there's no use in worrying about that now. That's nayther here nor there! Those willing to come with us can't come at all, at all; and here you are of your own free act and will. Howsomever, you're here, and we daren't let you go outside to tell others of what you have seen, and so give us a bad name about—about taking things, you know. We'll make you as comfortable as we can; and so you won't worry about Bridget and the childher, I'll have a goold sovereign left with them every day of their lives. But I wish we had the come-ither on you," he says, with a sigh, "for it's aisy to see you're great company. Now come up to my place an' have a noggin of punch for friendship's sake," says he.

That's how Darby Gill began his six months' stay with the Good People. Not a thing was left undone to make Darby contented and happy. A civiler people than the Good People he never met. At first he couldn't get over saying, "God keep all here," and "God save you kindly," and things like that, which was like burning them with a hot iron.

If it weren't for Maureen McGibney, Darby would be in Sleive-na-mon at this hour. Sure she was always the wise girl, ready with her crafty plans and warnings. On a day when they two were sitting alone together, she says to him:

"Darby, dear," says she, "it isn't right for a dacint man of family to be spending his days cavortin', and idlin', and fillin' the hours with sport and nonsense. We must

"THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN LAY WIDE OPEN."

get you out of here; for what is a sovereign a day to compare with the care and protection of a father?" she says.

"Thrue for ye!" moaned Darby, "and my heart is just splittin' for a sight of Bridget an' the childher. Bad luck to the day I set so much store on a dirty, ongrateful, threacherous cow!"

"I know well how you feel," says Maureen, "for I'd give the whole world to say three words to Bob Broderick, that ye tell me that out of grief for me has never kept company with any other girl till this day. But that'll never be," she says, "because I must stop here till the Day of Judgment, and then I must go to ——" says she, beginning to cry, "but if you get out, you'll bear a message to Bob for me, maybe?" she says.

"It's aisy to talk about going out, but how can it be done?" asked Darby.

"There's a way," says Maureen, wiping her big gray eyes, "but it may take years. First, you must know that the Good People can never put their charm on any one who is willing to come with them. That's why you came safe. Then, again, they can't work harm in the daylight, and after cock-crow any mortal eye can see them plain; nor can they harm any one who has a sprig of holly, nor pass over a leaf or twig of holly, because that's Christmas bloom. Well, there's a certain evil word for a charm that opens the side of the mountain, and I will try to find it out for you. Without that word all the armies of the world couldn't get out or in. But you must be patient and wise, and wait."

"I will so, with the help of God," says Darby.

At these words, Maureen gave a terrible screech.

"Cruel man!" she cried, "don't you know that to say pious words to one of the Good People, or to one under their black charm, is like cutting him with a knife?"

The next night she came to Darby again.

"Watch yerself now," she says, "for to-night they're goin' to lave the door of the mountain open, to thry you; and if you stir two steps outside they'll put the come-either on you," she says.

Sure enough, when Darby took his walk down the passage, after supper, as he did every night, there the side of the mountain lay wide open and no one in sight. The temptation to make one rush was great; but he only looked out a minute, and went whistling back down the passage, knowing well that a hundred hidden eyes were on him the while. For a dozen nights after it was the same.

At another time Maureen said:

"The king himself is going to thry you hard the day, so beware!" She had no sooner said the words than Darby was called for, and went up to the king.

"Darby, my sowl," says the king, in a soother in' way, "have this noggin of punch. A betther never was brewed; it's the last we'll have for many a day. I'm going to set you free, Darby Gill, that's what I am."

"THE NEIGHBORS WERE HURRYING TO HIM, DOWN EVERY ROAD AND THROUGH EVERY FIELD."

"Why, king," says Darby, putting on a mournful face, "how have I offended ye?"

"No offense at all," says the king, "only we're depriving you."

"No depravity in life!" says Darby. "I have lashins and lavings to ate and to drink, and nothing but fun an' divarsion all day long. Out in the world it was nothing but work and throuble and sickness, disappointment, and care."

"But Bridget and the childher?" says the king, giving him a sharp look out of half-shut eyes.

"Oh, as for that, king," says Darby, "it's aisier for a widow to get a husband, or for orphans to find a father, than it is for them to pick up a sovereign a day."

The king looked mighty satisfied and smoked for a while without a word.

"Would you mind going out an evenin' now and then, helpin' the boys to mind the cows?" he asked at last.

Darby feared to thrust himself outside in their company.

"Well, I'll tell ye how it is," replied my brave Darby. "Some of the neighbors might see me, and spread the report on me that I'm with the fairies, and that'd disgrace Bridget and the childher," he says.

The king knocked the ashes from his pipe. "You're a wise man besides being the hoight of good company," says he, "and it's sorry I am you didn't take me at my word; for then we would have you always, at laste till the Day of Judgment, when—but that's nayther here nor there! Howsomever, we'll bother you about it no more."

From that day they thrated him as one of their own.

It was one day five months after that Maureen plucked Darby by the coat and led him off to a lonely spot.

"I've got the word," she says.

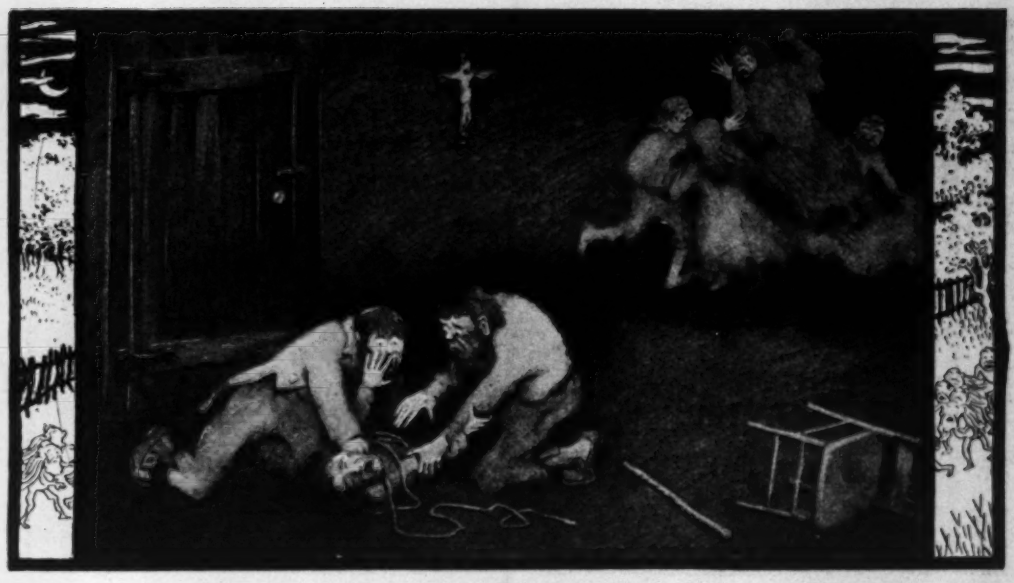
"Have you, faith! What is it?" says Darby, all of a thremble.

Then she whispered a word so blasphemous, so irreligious, that Darby blessed himself. When Maureen saw him making the sign, she fell down in a fit, the holy emblem hurt her so, poor child.

Three hours after this me bould Darby was sitting at his own fireside talking to Bridget and the childher. The neighbors were hurrying to him, down every road and through every field, carrying armfuls of holly bushes, as he had sent word for them to do. He knew well he'd have fierce and savage visitors before morning.

After they had come with the holly, he had them make a circle of it so thick around the house that a fly couldn't walk through without touching a twig or a leaf. But that was not all.

You'll know what a wise girl and what a crafty girl that Maureen was when you hear what the neighbors did next. They made a second ring of holly outside the first, so that the house sat in two great wreaths, one wreath around the other. The outside ring was much the bigger, and left a good space between it and the first, with room



"THEY SNATCHED HER WITHIN THE THRESHOLD, AND BEFORE SHE KNEW IT THEY HAD HER TIED HAND AND FOOT."

for ever so many people to stand there. It was like the inner ring, except for a little gate, left open as though by accident, where the fairies could walk in.

But it wasn't an accident at all, only the wise plan of Maureen's; for nearby this little gap, in the outside wreath, lay a sprig of holly with a bit of twine tied to it. Then the twine ran along up to Darby's house, and in through the window, where its end lay convaynient to his hand. A little pull on the twine would drag the stray piece of holly into the gap, and close tight the outside ring.

It was a trap, you see. When the fairies walked in through the gap, the twine was to be pulled, and so they were to be made prisoners between the two rings of holly. They couldn't get into Darby's house, because the circle of holly nearest the house was so tight that a fly couldn't get through without touching the blessed tree or its wood. Likewise, when the gap in the outer wreath was closed, they couldn't get out again. Well, anyway, these things were hardly finished and fixed, when the dusky brown of the hills warned the neighbors of twilight, and they scurried like frightened rabbits to their homes.

Only one amongst them all had courage to sit inside Darby's house waiting the dreadful visitors, and that one was Bob Broderick. What vengeance was in store couldn't be guessed at all, at all, only it was sure that it was to be more terrible than any yet wreaked on mortal man.

Not in Darby's house alone was the terror, for in their anger the Good People might lay waste the whole parish. The roads and fields were empty and silent in the darkness. Not a window glimmered with light for miles around. Many a blaggard who hadn't said a prayer for years was now down on his marrow bones among the dacint members of his family, thumping his craw, and roaring his Pather and Aves.

In Darby's quiet house, against which the cunning, the power, and the fury of the Good People would first break, you can't think of half the suffering of Bridget and the childher, as they lay huddled together on the settle bed; nor of the sthrain on Bob and Darby, who sat smoking their dudeens and whispering anxiously together.

For some rayson or other the Good People were long in coming. Ten o'clock struck, then eleven, afther that twelve, and not a sound from the outside. The silence and the no sign of any kind had them all just about crazy, when suddenly there fell a sharp rap on the door.

"Millia murther," whispered Darby, "we're in for it. They've crossed the two rings of holly, and are at the door itself."

The childher begun to cry and Bridget said her prayers out loud; but no one answered the knock.

"Rap, rap, rap," on the door, then a pause.

"God save all here!" cried a queer voice from the outside.

"PRINCES, PRINCESSES, DUKES, DUKESSES, EARLS, EARLESSES, AND ALL THE QUALITY OF SLEIVE-NA-MON WERE PRISONERS."

Now no fairy would say, "God save all here," so Darby took heart and opened the door. Who should be standing there but Sheelah Maguire, a spy for the Good People. So angry were Darby and Bob that they snatched her within the threshold, and before she knew it they had her tied hand and foot, wound a cloth around her mouth, and rouled her under the bed. Within the minute a thousand rustling voices sprung from outside. Through the window, in the clear moonlight, Darby marked weeds and grass being trampled by invisible feet, beyond the farthest ring of holly.

Suddenly broke a great cry. The gap in the first ring was found. Signs were plainly seen of uncountable feet rushing through, and spreading about the nearer wreath. Afther that a howl of madness from the little men and women. Darby had pulled his twine and the trap was closed, with five thousand of the Good People entirely at his mercy.

Princes, princesses, dukes, dukesses, earls, earlesses, and all the quality of Sleive-na-mon were prisoners. Not more than a dozen of the last to come escaped, and they flew back to tell the king.

For an hour they raged. All the bad names ever called to mortal man were given free, but Darby said never a word. "Pick-pocket," "sheep stayler," "murtherin' thafe of a blaggard," were the softest words trun at him.

By an' by, howsomever, as it begun to grow near to cock-crow, their talk grew a great dale civiler. Then came beggin,' pladin', promisin', and enthratin', but the doors of the house still stayed shut an' its windows down.

Purty soon Darby's old rooster, Terry, came down from his perch,. yawned, an' flapped his wings a few times. At that the terror and the screechin' of the Good People would have melted the heart of a stone.

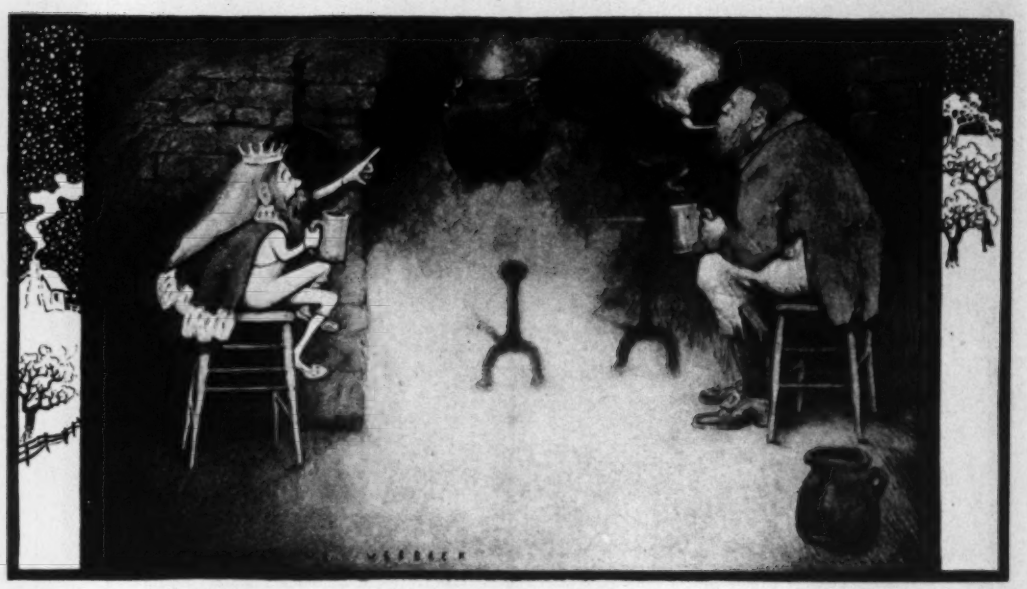
All of a sudden a fine, clear voice rose from beyant the crowd. The king had come. The other fairies grew still, listening.

"Ye murtherin' thafe of the world," says the king grandly, "what are ye doin' wid my people?"

"Keep a civil tongue in yer head, Brian Connor," says Darby, sticking his head out the window, "for I'm as good a man as you, any day," says Darby.

At that minute Terry, the cock, flapped his wings and crowed. In a flash there sprang into full view the crowd of Good People—dukes, earls, princes, quality, and commoners, with their ladies, jammed thick together about the house; every one of them with his head thrown back bawling and crying, and tears as big as pigeons' eggs rouling down his cheeks.

A few feet away, on a straw pile in the barnyard, stood the king, his goold crown tilted on the side of his head, his long green cloak about him, and his rod in his hand, but thremblin' all over.



"A LITTLE MAN, WITH A GOOLD CROWN . . . SAT FERNINST HIM BY THE HEARTH."

In the middle of the crowd, but towering high above them all, stood Maureen McGibney in her cloak of green an' goold, her purty brown hair fallin' down on her shoulders, an' she—the crafty villain—cryin' an' bawlin', an' abusin' Darby, with the best of them.

"What'll you have an' let them go?" says the king.

"First an' foremost," says Darby, "take yer spell off that slip of a girl there, an' send her into the house."

In a second Maureen was standing inside the door, her both arms about Bob's neck, and her head on his collarbone.

What they said to aich other, and what they done in the way of embracin' an' kissin' an' cryin' I won't take time in telling you.

"Next," says Darby, "send back Rosie and the pigs."

"I expected that," says the king. And at those words they saw a black bunch coming through the air; in a few seconds Rosie and the three pigs walked into the stable.

"Now," says Darby, "promise in the name of Ould Nick" ('tis by him the Good People swear) "never to moil nor meddle again with any one or anything from this parish."

The king was fair put out by this. Howsomever, he said at last, "You ongrateful scoundhrel, in the name of Ould Nick, I promise."

"So far, so good," says Darby; "but the worst is yet to come. Now you must ralayse from your spell every soul you've stole from this parish; and besides, you must send me ten thousand pounds in goold."

Well, the king gave a roar of anger that was heard in the next barony.

"Ye high-handed, hard-hearted robber," he says, "I'll never consent!" he says.

"Plase yerself," says Darby. "I see Father Cassidy comin' down the hedge," he says, "an' he has a prayer for ye all in his book that'll burn ye up like wisps of sthraw ef he ever catches ye here," says Darby.

With that the roaring and bawling was pitiful to hear, and in a few minutes a bag with ten thousand goold sovereigns in it was trun at Darby's threshold; and fifty people, young an' some of them ould, flew over an' stood beside the king. Some of them had spent years with the fairies. Their relatives thought them dead an' buried. They were the Lost Ones from that parish.

With that Darby pulled the bit of twine again, opening the trap, and it wasn't long until every fairy was gone.

The green coat of the last one was hardly out of sight when, sure enough, who should come up but Father Cassidy, his book in his hand. He looked at the fifty people who had been with the fairies standin' there—the poor crathures—thremblin' an' wondherin', an' afeared to go to their homes.

Darby tould him what had happened.

"Ye foolish man," says the priest, "you could have got out every poor prisoner that's locked in Sleive-na-mon, let alone those from this parish."

"Would yer Reverence have me let out the Corkoniens, the Connaught men, and the Fardowns, I ask ye?" he says hotly. "When Mrs. Malowney there goes home and finds that Tim has married the Widow Hogan, ye'll say I let out too many, even of this parish, I'm thinkin'."

"But," says the priest, "ye might have got ten thousand pounds for aich of us."

"If aich had ten thousand pounds, what comfort would I have in being rich?" asked Darby again. "To enjoy well being rich, there should be plenty of poor," says Darby.

"God forgive ye, ye selfish man!" says Father Cassidy.

"There's another rayson besides," says Darby. "I never got betther nor friendlier thratement than I had from the Good People. An' the divil a hair of their heads I'd hurt more than need be," he says.

Some way or other the king heard of this saying, an' was so mightily pleased that next night a jug of the finest poteen was left at Darby's door.

After that, indade, many's the winter night, when the snow lay so heavy that no neighbor was stirrin', and when Bridget and the childher were in bed, Darby sat by the fire, a noggin of hot punch in his hand, argying an' getting news of the whole world. A little man, with a goold crown on his head, a green cloak on his back, and one foot thrown over the other, sat ferninst him by the hearth.

AN INDEPENDENT BOY

BY JOHN SWAIN.
ILLUSTRATIONS - H.Y. MAYER.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Cook County, Illinois, maintains the only court in America which is exclusively for children. Nearly a hundred boys and girls come before it every week, for each of whom is told a tale involving the life story of some man or woman who has failed to make a home for the little one and keep him in it. Always tragic, sometimes enlivened by a bit of humor or illumined by a glint of fine character in a child, these relations bring out, with startling distinctness, the wide experience and the independence of the boy and girl of the city slums.]

THE twelve chairs provided for jurymen in the big court chamber used by the juvenile court were filled with children. Some held a boy apiece, some two. In some were girls, two or three of these with smaller children in their arms. In the back part of the room was a throng of women, mothers or neighbors of the children, and a few men. The benches along the curved railing that fences off the public part of the courtroom were full of spectators, and a dozen men and women, representing as many societies organized for caring for dependent children and serving as probationary officers of the children's court, were standing near the bar. The assistant State's attorney leaned over the clerk's desk, and talked in a low tone with the clerk about the cases.

Of the twenty children in the jury-box all but one had been brought in because of a petition filed by parent, neighbor, or some society, representing that the child was dependent or neglected and a fit candidate for State care. The single exception was a fourteen-year-old boy at the end of the back row. Unlike most of the children, he was not crying, though he winked hard and swallowed. He looked about the room and shifted uneasily in his seat, but he showed no sign of being afraid. The boy next him sniveled and

wiped his abundant tears on a ragged coat-sleeve.

"I wa-a-nt to go to my mamma," he sobbed. "I want to stay with her, an' get an education. I don't want to go to no institution." The boy on the end looked at the blubbering youngster "in" for truancy.

"This ain't no time to be sayin' nothin' like that," he said. "Why didn't you stay with yer ma w'en ye had a chance?"

"Why didn't you, then?" came a quick rejoinder from the superintendent of a boys' home, who stood near by.

"I did, as long as she lived, and a mighty good woman she was, too." The answer came without hesitation. "I don't want to go to no institution, neither, but it ain't because I want any reform in mine. I ain't done nothin' to reform. I ain't got any folks, but I can fend for myself all right."

"What's your name, young man, and what are you up for?" asked the superintendent, a little more kindly. Something in the face and eyes of the boy before him appealed to him.

"I'm Paul Penn," he said; "I come from Kansas City. I was livin' down in Kensington, and three of us was with another boy when he stole some chewin' gum and guv us some. We didn't eat none of it, but the officer took us in. Them other fellers had folks that bailed 'em out. I didn't, so I got sent up here. Say, mister, won't you speak to the judge and get him to let me off?"

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said the superintendent. "It will be better for you to be sent to a good school and taught a trade."

"Well, I ain't agoin'. I don't want to go to no institution."

A reporter, standing near, heard this. The outline of a "feature" story formed in his mind. Leaning over, he whispered, "Here, Paul, I'll tell you how to fix it with the judge. He's a good fellow and likes boys. When he asks you who you are you get right up and shoot it to him straight. Say you want to work for yourself. Appeal to the jury, too. That'll get you out, sure."

Paul nodded assent. A moment later the clerk shouted, "Paul Penn! Paul Penn! Witnesses in the case of Paul Penn please come forward. Raise your right hands." He swore them, and called Officer Michael Phalen.

Officer Phalen climbed ponderously to the witness-chair, and the assistant State's attorney began to question him.

"Michael Phalen, police officer, stationed at Kensington, you filed a petition for this boy, Paul Penn. Tell the jury what you know about him."

"Well, sir, I want to say in the first place that there ain't any charge against this boy except that he hasn't got any home and doesn't go to school. Him and three other boys was together when one of them stole some gum and divided it with the others. This boy didn't have nothin' to do with it, but we took them all in, and then we found he didn't have any home and ain't got a father nor mother, so I fetched him up here to let the court take care of him."

"Is that all you know about him?"

"That's about all. He's been hanging around Kensington for about three or four months, doing odd jobs, and you know yourself, sir, that ain't any way for a boy to be doing, and that's not a good place to be idle in. He never done no harm to nobody, though, sir, as far as I ever heard tell."

Phalen was allowed to step down, and the attorney was about to call another witness when the judge leaned over his desk and said: "I guess I don't want to hear any more witnesses. Step up here, young man, and tell us who you are and what should be done with you."

Paul needed no second bidding. He caught a wink from the reporter and he nerved himself to meet a crisis. He was going to argue for liberty to choose his own work and do it in his own way. He stepped into the press stand beside the reporter, being thus between the witness-box and the bench.

"I'm Paul Penn," he told the judge, without waiting for the State's attorney to begin questioning him. He spoke in a tone audible throughout the court-room. "I come here from Kansas City last March. I'm fourteen years old. I used to live with my father and mother way out West. Ma died in Arizona three years ago, and me and

pa come to Kansas City. He was a fisherman, but he wasn't much good. I could catch more fish than he could. I ben as good as supportin' myself all them three years. I went to school pretty regular some of the time, an' got through the fourth grade.

"My old man died last March. I always wanted to come to Chicago, so the day after they buried him I took a freight train and started. I was two weeks on the way.

I got off at Kensington. I found a woman keepin' a boardin'-house that give me my feed for washin' dishes for her, an' I ben livin' there ever since, sleepin' out round.

"I come to the conclusion I better go to school, an' I got a job lightin' lamps so I could get the books, but before I could start they took me in and brung me here."

"Well, young man, I guess we'll have to send you to a nice home, where you can work and play and go to school and learn a trade. Wouldn't you like that?"

"No, sir, an' I wouldn't stand it. I ain't done nothin'. I always took care o' myself. Seems to me there's plenty of fellers that can't do nothing for you to look after without sendin' down a boy that can make his own way. I rather fend for myself, sir."

"If your honor pleases," said the State's representative, "it is perfectly apparent that this boy is dependent and should be sent away. They will take him at Glenwood. He looks like a boy who would be a credit to that institution and the State after proper training. I ask that he be found dependent and committed to the home."

"I ain't dependent neither," interrupted the boy, facing the lawyer, "an' I leave it to the jury here if I am. Ain't I always earned my way? What you want to do is to catch these fellers that won't work. I want to be independent and make my own way, I tell you."

"Have you ever been arrested before, Paul?" asked the judge.

"Never in Chicago, sir."

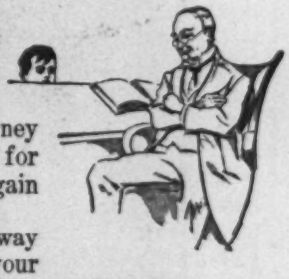
"Aha!" said the State's attorney. "Then you have been somewhere else. Tell us about that."

"Yes, sir, I ben arrested in Kansas City two years ago, on my birthday. Us fellers stole a watermelon to celebrate with. I'll bet there ain't a man in this court-room that ain't stole melons when he was a boy. Didn't you ever steal a melon, your honor?"

The sudden question startled the judge and provoked a smile in the jury-box.

"Well, ah—er—I don't know but I did."

"Well, I know you did, too. An' so did every man in that jury. Maybe they didn't get caught at it. I did. But that ain't any reason to put me in a institution and *give* me things I'm willin' to git for myself."



There was a world of contempt in the accent of the last sentence. The judge peered over his glasses at the boy. The State's attorney gathered his faculties for another appeal. But again the boy spoke.

"I'll tell you a fair way to settle this thing, your honor. You turn me over to Officer Phalen for ten days. I'll report to him every day or twice a day. If I ain't got a job in ten days you can send me where you please."

"This is nonsense, your honor," said his adversary. "We are wasting time. The boy is clearly a ward of the State."

"I'm not so sure of that," said his honor. "If I'm not mistaken the boy has you beaten before the jury. Gentlemen, we are rather informal in this court. Those of you who believe this boy is dependent, hold up your right hands."

Not a hand was raised. The judge laughed. The State's attorney appeared discomfited. The bailiff pounded for order. The reporter grinned happily after a look around assured him that he was the only press representative present. And then Paul Penn, when he realized what it all meant, rubbed his eyes hard with his coat-sleeve.

"Come on," he said to Officer Phalen. "I'm goin' to hunt."

The two left the court together. Half an hour later the officer returned alone.

"I guess he's all right, yer honor," he said. "He went straight to the Board of Trade and tackled the president for a job. Wouldn't even put up with the secretary. They've made him a messenger, and he's to board at Father Patricks'."

"EVERY GATE HEARS HIM."

A TRUE PATRIARCH.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

By Theodore Dreiser.

Illustrated by W. J. Glackens.

ON the streets of a certain moderate-sized county seat in Missouri may be seen a true patriarch. Tall, white-haired, stout in body and mind, he roams among his neighbors, dispensing sympathy and goodness through the leisure of his day. One might take him to be the genial Walt Whitman, of whom he is the living counterpart, or see in the clear eye, high forehead, and thick, honorable white hair a marked similarity to Bryant as he appeared in his later years. Man's allotted term on earth he has already seen, and yet he is still strong in the councils of his people and rich in the accumulated interests of a lifetime.

At the present time, he is most interesting for the eccentricities which years of stalwart independence have developed, but these are lovable peculiarities, and only severed from remarkable actions by the compelling power of time and his increasing infirmities. The loud, though pleasant voice, and strong, often fiery, declamatory manner, are remnants of the days when his fellow-citizens were wholly swayed by the magnificence of his orations. Charmingly simple in manner, he still represents with it that old courtesy which made every stranger his guest. When moved by righteous indignation, there crops out the daring and domineering insistence of one who has always followed the right and knows its power.

Even to-day, if there is any topic worthy of discussion, and his fellow-citizens are in danger of going wrong, he becomes a haranguing prophet in the community. Every

gate hears him, for he stops on his rounds in front of each, and calling the inhabitant out, pours forth such a volume of fact and argument as would remove all doubt of what he, at least, considers right. All of this he invariably accompanies by a magnificence of gesture worthy of a great orator.

At such times his mind is wholly engrossed with these matters, and I have it from his daughter that he may be seen coming down his private lawn, and even the public streets, shaking his head, gesticulating, sometimes sweeping upward with his arms, as if addressing his fellow-citizens in assemblage.

"He had pushed his big hat well back upon his forehead," she said on one occasion, "and, forgetful of the bitter cold, had taken off his overcoat and carried it on his arm. Occasionally he would stop quite still, as if he were addressing a companion, and with sweeping gestures illustrate some idea or other. Then, planting his big cane forcibly with each step, as though to compel acceptance, he came forward and entered the house."

The same suggestion of mental concentration may be seen in everything that he does, and I have seen him leading a pet Jersey cow home for milking with the same dignity of bearing and forcefulness of manner with which he addressed his fellow-citizens at a public meeting. He has no sense of difference from or superiority over his fellowmen, and only the keenest sympathy with all things human. Every man is his brother, every human being honest. When a purse is lost, forty-nine out of every fifty men will return it without thought of reward, if you can believe him.

In the little town where he has lived so many years, he knows every living creature from cattle upward, and has all their interests at heart. The sick, the poor, the widows, and the orphans are his special care. Every Sunday afternoon for years it has been his custom to go the rounds of the indigent, frequently carrying a basket of his good wife's dinner. This he would distribute along with consolation and advice. Occasionally he would return home of a winter's day very much en-

"'MOTHER, . . . I'VE FOUND SUCH A POOR FAMILY.'"

grossed with a discovery of some important instance of distress.

"On these very occasions," said his daughter, "he would, as he nearly always does, talk to himself on the way, as if he were discussing politics. You could never tell what he was coming for.

"'Mother,' he would say, 'I've found such a poor family.' This was delivered in most dramatic style after he had indicated something important by throwing his overcoat on the bed and standing his cane in the corner. 'They have moved into the old saloon. You know how open that is. There's a man, and several children. The mother is dead. They were on their way to Kansas, but it got so cold they've stopped here until the winter is broken. They're without food; almost no clothing. Can't we find something for them?'

"With his own labor he would help mother seek out the odds and ends that could be spared, and so armed, would return, arguing by the way, as if an errand of mercy were the last thing he contemplated."

Always of a reverent turn of mind, he took considerable interest in religious ministration, though he steadily and persistently refused, in his later years, to go to church. He had St. James' formula to quote in self-defense, which insists that, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Often, when pressed too close, he would deliver this with kindly violence, and never did he fail to live it. One of the most touching anecdotes representative of this was related to me by his daughter, who said:

"Mr. Kent, a poor man of the town, was sick for months previous to his death, and my father used to go often, sometimes daily, to visit him. He would spend perhaps a few minutes, perhaps an hour with him, singing, praying, and ministering to his spiritual wants. The pastor of the church living so far away, and coming only once a month, this duty devolved upon some one, and my father did his share, and felt more than repaid for the time spent by the gratitude shown by the many poor people he aided in this way.

"Mr. Kent's favorite song was 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand.' This he would have him sing, and his clear voice seemed to impart its strength to the sick man, and he would be eased and comforted by it.

"Upon one occasion Mr. Kent expressed a desire to hear a certain song. My father was not very familiar with it, but anxious to grant his request, came home and asked me if I would get a friend of mine and go with him and sing the song for him.

"We entered the sick-room, he leading us by the hand. Mr. Kent's face at once brightened, and father said to him:

"'Mr. Kent, I told you this morning I couldn't sing the song you asked for, but these girls know it, and have come to sing it for you.'

"Then, waving his hand gently toward us, he said:

"'Sing, children.'

"We did, and when we had finished, he knelt and offered a prayer, not for the poor man's recovery, but that he might put his trust in the Lord and meet death without fear. I have never been more deeply impressed nor felt more confident in the presence of death, for the man died soon after, soothed into perfect peace."

On one occasion he was sitting with some friends in front of the Court House, talking and sunning himself, when a neighbor came running up in great excitement, calling:

"Mr. White, Mr. White, come, right quick. Mrs. Sadler wants you."

He explained that the woman in question was dying, and, being afraid she would strangle in her last moments, had asked the bystanders to run for him, her old acquaintance, in the efficacy of whose prayers she had great faith. The old patriarch was without a coat, but, unmindful of that, he hastened after, arriving warm, but mentally well composed, at the bedside.

"Mr. White," she exclaimed excitedly upon seeing him, "I want you to pray that I won't strangle. I'm not afraid to die, but I don't want to die that way. I want you to offer a prayer for me that I may be saved from that. I'm so afraid."

Seeing by the woman's manner that she was very much overwrought in the nerves, he used all his art to soothe her.

"Have no more fear, Mrs. Sadler, now," he exclaimed solemnly. "You won't strangle. I will ask the Lord for you, and this evil will not come upon you. You need not have any fear.

"Kneel down, you," he exclaimed, turning upon the assembled neighbors and relatives, while he pushed his white hair back from his forehead. "Let us pray that this woman be allowed to pass away in peace." And even with the rustle of kneeling that

"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY STRIKING AN IDIOT?'"

accompanied his words, he lifted up his coatless arms and began to pray.

By dint of phraseology and his profound faith, he succeeded in inducing a feeling of peace and quiet in all of his hearers, and the sick woman, listening, sank into a restful stupor, from which all agony of mind had wholly disappeared. When the physical atmosphere of the room had been thus reorganized, he ceased and retired to the yard in front of the house, where was a shade tree, and a bench beneath. Here he seated himself to wipe his moist brow and recover his composure. In a few moments a slight commotion in the sick chamber denoted that the end had come. Several neighbors came out, and one said, "Well, it is all over, Mr. White. She is dead."

"She didn't strangle, did she?" he exclaimed, with great assurance.

"No," said the other, "the Lord granted her request."

"I knew she wouldn't," he replied. "Prayer is always answered."

I heard of this some time after, and one day asked Mr. White, while sitting with him on his front porch, whether he thought the Lord had directly answered in that instance.

"Answered! Of course He answered," he replied in his customary loud and positive tone.

"Might it not have been merely the change of atmosphere which was introduced by your voice and strength? The quality of your own thoughts goes for something in such matters. Mind acts on mind."

"Certainly," he said, in a manner as agreeable as if it had always been a doctrine with him. "But, after all," he added, "what is *that*—my mind, your mind, the sound of voice. It's all the Lord anyhow, whatever you think."

The poor, the blind, the insane, and sufferers of all sorts are objects of his keenest sympathies. Evidence of it flashes out at the most unexpected moments—loud, rough exclamations, which, however, contain a note so tender and suggestive as to defy transla-

tion. Thus while we were hotly discussing politics one day, there came down the street, past his home, a queer, half-ragged individual, who gazed about in an aimless sort of way, peering queerly over fences, looking idly down the road, staring strangely overhead into the blue. It was apparent, in a moment, that the man was crazy, some demented creature, harmless enough to be allowed abroad. The old man broke a sentence short in order to point and shake his head emotionally.

"Look at that," he said, with a pathetic sweep of the arm. "There's a poor, demented creature, with no one to look after him. His brother is a hard-working saddler. His sister is dead." He paused a moment, and then added: "I don't know. No one to look after them. No one to be interested. It seems as if you can't do anything but leave them to the mercy of God," and he shook his head again. The warm argument he had been indulging in was completely forgotten. He lapsed into silence, and all communication for the time being was ended, while he rocked silently in his great chair and thought.

One day, in passing the local poor farm, he came upon a man beating a poor idiot with a whip. It was beside a wood-pile, and the demented one was crying. In a moment Mr. White had jumped out of his conveyance, leaped over the fence, and confronted the amazed attendant with an uplifted arm.

"Not another lick!" he fairly shouted. "What do you mean by striking an idiot?"

"Why," explained the attendant, "I want him to carry in the wood, and he won't do it."

"It is not his place to bring in the wood. He isn't put here for that. He's put here to be taken care of. I'll see about this."

The man endeavored to explain that some work must be done by the inmates, and that this one was refractory. The only way he had of making him understand was by whipping him.

"Not another word," the old man blustered, overawing the county hireling, who knew him well. "I'll see to this," and after scaring the man so badly that whips were thereafter carefully concealed, he proceeded to the county court house. Court was not in session, and only the clerk was present when he came tramping down the aisle, and stood before the latter with his right hand uplifted in the position of one about to make oath.

"Swear me," he said solemnly, and without further explanation. "I want you to take this testimony under oath."

The clerk knew well enough the remarkable characteristics of his guest, whose actions were only too often inexplicable from the ground point of policy and convention. Without ado he got out ink and paper, and Mr. White began.

"I saw," he said, "in the yard of the county farm, a poor, helpless idiot, put in that institution by this county to be cared for, being beaten with a cowhide by Mark Sheffels, who is an attendant there, because he did not understand enough to carry in wood, which the people are hired to do. Think of it," he went on, quite forgetting he was speaking for dictation, and going off into a most scorching arraignment of the entire system in which such brutality could occur. The clerk, realizing his importance in the community, quietly followed in a deferential way, putting down such salient features as he had time to write. When he was through he ventured to lift his voice in protest.

"You know, Mr. White," he said, "Sheffels is a member of our party, and was appointed by us. Of course, now, it's too bad that this thing should have happened, and he ought to be dropped, but if you are going to make a public matter of it this way, it may hurt us in the election next month."

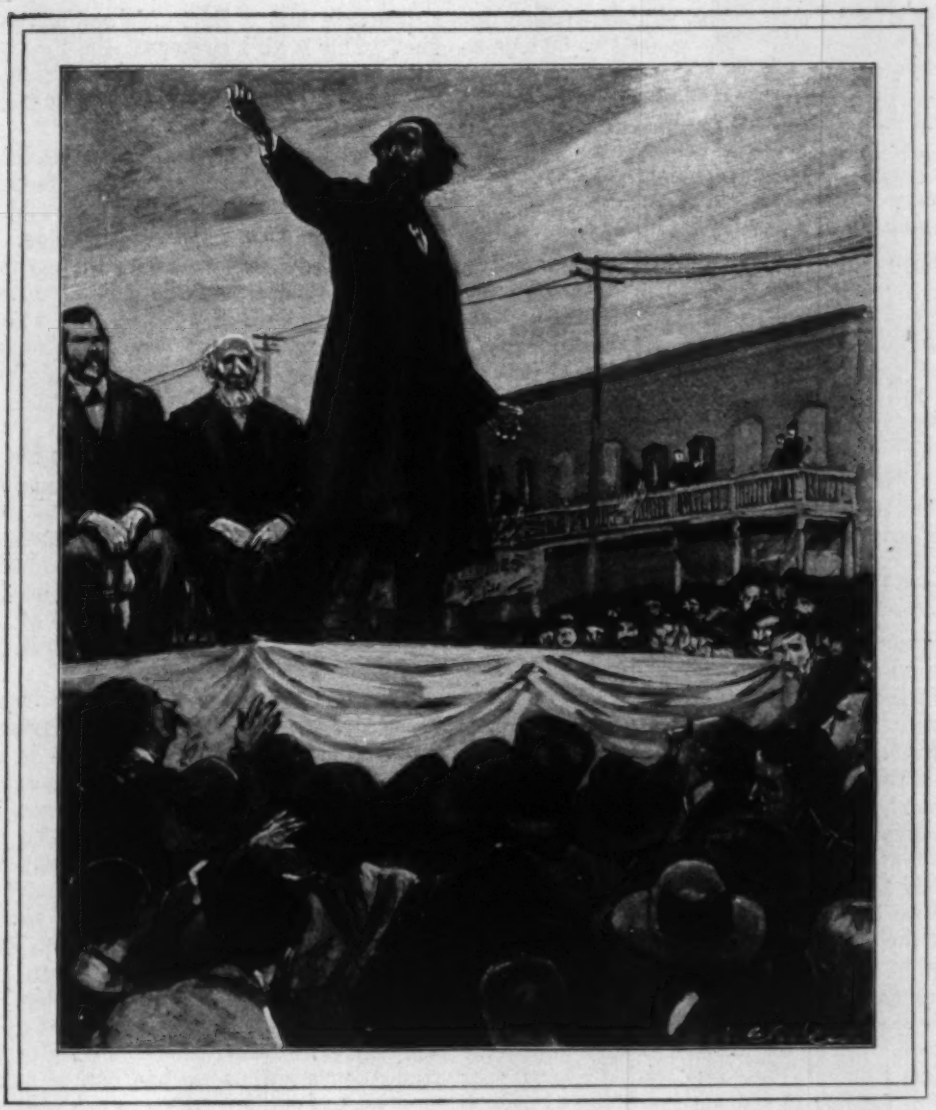
The old patriarch gazed at him almost without comprehension of so petty a view.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What's that got to do with it? Do you want the Democratic Party to starve the poor and beat the insane?"

The opposition was rather flattened by the reply, and left the old gentleman to storm out. He had purified the political atmosphere, as if by lightning, and within the month following the offending attendant was dropped.

Politics, however, have long known his influence in a very similar way. There was a time when he was the chief political figure in the county, and possessed the gift of oratory beyond all his fellow-citizens. Men came miles to hear him, and he took occasion to voice his views on every important issue. It was his custom to have printed, at his own expense, a few placards announcing his coming, which he himself would carry to the town selected and personally nail up. When the hour came, the crowd was never wanting.

Personally I never knew how towering his figure had stood in the past, until I drifted



"THE GIFT OF ORATORY."

in upon a lone bachelor, who occupied a hut some fifteen miles from the patriarch's present home, and who is rather noted in the community for his love of seclusion and indifference to current events. He had not visited the nearest neighboring village in something like five years, and had not been to the moderate-sized county seat in ten. Naturally he treasured memories of his younger days and more varied activity.

"I don't know," he said to me one day, in discussing modern statesmen and political fame; "getting up in politics is a queer game. I can't understand it. Men that you'd think ought to get up don't seem to. It doesn't seem to be real greatness that helps 'em along."

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"Well, there used to be a man over here at Danville that I always thought would get up, and yet he didn't. He was the finest orator I ever heard."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Arch White," he said quietly. "He was really a great man. He was a good man. Why, many's the time I've driven fifteen miles to hear him. I used to like to go into Danville just for that reason. He used to be around there, and sometimes he'd talk a little. He could stir a fellow up."

"Oratory alone won't make a statesman," I ventured, more to draw him out than to object.

"Oh, I know," he answered, "but he

was a good man. The plainest-spoken fellow I ever heard. He seemed to be able to tell us just what was the matter with us. I've seen two thousand people up at High Hill hollerin' over what he was saying until you could hear them for miles."

"Why didn't he get up, do you suppose?"

"I dunno," he answered. "Guess he was too honest. He was a mighty determined man, and one that would talk out in convention. Whenever they got to twisting things and doing what wasn't just honest, I suppose he'd kick out. Anyhow, he didn't get up, and I've always wondered at it."

In Danville one hears other stories wholly bearing out this latter opinion. Thus a long, enduring political quarrel was once generated by an incident more important for what it revealed of the patriarch than for its natural details.

A certain young man, well known to him, came to Danville one day, and either drank up or gambled away a certain sum of money intrusted to him by his aunt for disposition in an entirely different manner. He was not too drunk when the day was all over to realize that he was in a rather serious predicament, and so riding out of town, traveled a little way and then returned, complaining that he had been set upon by the wayside, beaten, and finally robbed. His clothes were in a fine state of dilapidation, and even his body bore marks which amply seconded his protestation. It was in the slush and rain of the dark village street that he was picked up by the county treasurer, who, knowing the generosity of White and the fact that his door was always open to those in distress, even as for his own children, took the young man by the arm, and accompanying him, led him to the patriarch's door, where he personally applied. In a few moments it was opened by this shaggy citizen in person, who held a lamp over his head and peered outward into the darkness.

"Mr. White," said the treasurer, "it's me. I've got young Squiers here, who needs your aid and attention. He's been beaten and robbed out here on the road."

"Who?" asked the patriarch, stepping out and holding the lamp down so as to get a good look into the newcomer's face.

"Billy Squiers," explained the treasurer. "Can you give him shelter?"

The old gentleman gave no heed after his one searching look.

"N. Morton," he exclaimed in his invariable strong declamatory style, "I'll not take this man into my house. I know him. He's a drunkard and a liar. No one has robbed him. This is all a pretense, and I want you to take him away from here. Put him in the hotel. I'll pay his expenses for the night, but he can't come in here."

The treasurer fell back amazed at this onslaught, but recovered sufficiently to declare that his friend was no Christian, and that true religion commanded otherwise. He even went so far as to quote the parable of the good Samaritan, who passed down by way of Jericho and rescued him who had fallen among thieves. The argument had long continued in the night and rain before the old patriarch finally waved them both away.

"Don't you quote Scripture to me," he declaimed defiantly, at the same time flourished the lighted lamp in an oratorical sweep. "I know my Bible. There's nothing in it requiring me to shield liars and drunkards."

Nevertheless, the youth was housed and fed at his expense, and the penalty of opposition generated by this argument was borne in silence for many a year.

The crowning quality of his mercies are their humor. Even he is not unaware, in retrospect, of the figure he made in some instances, and will tell under provocation of his peculiar attitude. Partially from himself, from those who saw it, and the judge presiding was the following characteristic anecdote gathered. In the community with him lived a certain man by the name of Moore, who in his day had been an expert tobacco picker, but had come by an injury to his hand, and so turned cobbler. Mr. White had known him from boyhood up, and had been a witness to his change of fortunes, from the time when he had earned as much as seventy-five cents a day to the hour when he took a cobbler's kit upon his back and began to eke out a livelihood for his old age by traveling about the countryside mending shoes. At the time under consideration, this ex-tobacco picker had degenerated into Uncle Bobby Moore, and had picked up a few charitably inclined friends, with whom he spent the more pleasant portion of the year from spring to fall. It was his custom to begin his annual pilgrimage with a visit of ten days to Mr. White, where he would sit and cobble shoes for all the members of the household. From there he would go to another acquaintance some ten miles farther on, when he would enjoy the early fruit which was ripening in delicious quantity. He would then visit a friendly farmer whose home was upon the Missouri River,

where he did his annual fishing, and so on by slow stages, until at last he would reach a neighborhood rich in cider presses, where he would wind up the fall, and end his travel for the winter.

As he grew older, however, Uncle Bobby reached the place where even by this method he could not make enough to sustain him in comfort during the winter season, free as his food and lodging were. Not desiring to put himself upon any friend for more than a short visit, he finally applied to the patriarch.

"I come to you, Mr. White," he said, "because I don't think I can do for myself any longer. My hand hurts me a good deal. I want to know if you won't help me to get into the county farm."

He went further and explained that he only wanted shelter during the inclement months, and that in summer he preferred to be out, so that he might visit his friends and enjoy his declining years.

"Come right down here," said the old gentleman, seizing him by the arm and leading off toward the court house, where the judge governing such cases was then sitting.

A trial was holding when he arrived there, but no matter. Down the aisle he led his charge, calling as he came:

"Your Honor, I want you to hear this case."

Agape, the spectators paused to listen. The judge, an old and appreciative friend, turned a grave and tender eye upon this latest eccentricity.

"'YOUR HONOR, I WANT YOU TO HEAR THIS CASE.'"

"What is it, Mr. White?" he inquired.

"Your Honor," he returned in his most earnest and oratorical manner, "this man here is an old and honorable citizen of this county. He has been here nearly all the days of his life, and every day of that time he earned an honest living. These people here," he said, gazing about upon the interested spectators, "can witness whether or not he was one of the best tobacco pickers this county ever saw. Mayhew," he interrupted himself to call to a spectator on one of the benches, "you know whether this man always earned an honest living. Speak up. Tell the Court, did he?"

"Yes, Mr. White," said Mayhew quickly, "he did."

"Morrison," he called, turning in another direction, where an aged farmer sat, "what do you know of this man?"

Mr. Morrison was about to reply, when the Court interfered.

"We know, Mr. White, that he is an honest man. Now what would you have us do?"

"Your Honor," resumed the speaker, indifferently following his own oratorical bent, "this man has always earned an honest living until he injured his hand here in some way, and since then has been cobbling for a living. However, he is getting old now and he can't earn as much as he used to, and so I brought him here to have him assigned a place in the county infirmary. I want you to make out an order admitting him to that institution, so that I can take it

and go there with him, and see that he is comfortably placed."

"All right, Mr. White," replied the judge, surveying the two figures in mid-aisle, "I will so order."

"But, your Honor," he went on, "there's an exception I want made in this case. Mr. Moore has a few friends that he likes to visit in the summer, and who like to have him visit them. I want him to have the privilege of coming out in the summer to see these people, and to see me."

"All right, Mr. White," replied the judge, "he shall have that privilege."

Satisfied in these particulars, the aged citizen led his charge away and went with him to the infirmary, where he explained the order of the court and then left him.

Things went very well for a certain time, and Uncle Bobby was thought to be well disposed of, when one day he came to his friend again. It seems that only recently he had been changed about in quarters and put into a room with a slightly demented individual, whose nocturnal wanderings greatly disturbed his very necessary sleep.

"I want to know if you won't have them put me by myself, Mr. White," he concluded.

Again the old patriarch led him before the Court, breaking in upon the general proceedings in order to get the judge's immediate attention.

"Your Honor," he began without any apology, "this man here, Mr. Moore, has been comfortably housed by your order, and he's deeply grateful for it, but he's an old man, your Honor, and above all things needs his rest. Now of late they have quartered him with a poor, demented sufferer, who walks a good deal in his sleep, and it wears upon him. I've come here with him to ask you to allow him a room by himself, where he will be alone and rest undisturbed."

"Very well, Mr. White," said the Court, "it shall be as you request."

Without replying, the old gentleman turned and led the supplicant away.

Everything went peacefully now for a number of years until finally Uncle Bobby, growing rather feeble with age, came to Mr. White, and asked his old friend to promise him one thing.

"What is it?" said Mr. White.

By way of reply he described an old oak tree which grew in the yard of a Baptist church some miles from Danville, and said:

"I want you to promise that when I am dead you will see that I am buried under that tree."

The old fellow used great secrecy in his request, and begged to be assured that, wherever he happened to be when he died, Mr. White would come and get his body and carry it to the old oak.

The patriarch promised, and a few years went by, and then suddenly one day he learned that Uncle Bobby was dead.

"Where is his body?" he asked.

"Why, they buried it under the old white oak," was the answer, "at Mt. Horeb Church."

"What!" he exclaimed, "who told them to bury him there?"

"Why, *he* did," said the friend.

The patriarch was too astounded, however, to think of anything save his lost privilege of mercy.

"The confounded villain," he exclaimed pathetically. "He led me to believe that I was the only one he told. I was to have looked after his burial alone."

PLATT.

By William Allen White,

Author of the character sketches, "Bryan," "Hanna," "Croker," and "Roosevelt," published in McClure's Magazine.

ONCE upon a time there lived in the little country town of Owego, New York, a country lawyer of parts and consequence, named William Platt—a family man to whom was born in the course of things a son. That was sixty-seven years ago. William Platt named his son Thomas Collier Platt, and educated him after his own heart. The townsmen say that the younger Platt grew up a rather bloodless, wobbly-legged, flat-chested, squawky-voiced boy. He came to adolescence amid the best culture and refinement that the first half of the nineteenth century afforded, and went to Yale College. There he was a fairly good student until his vitality began to ebb, and he left in his junior year. He came back to Owego with notions, and started a literary publication which he called the "St. Nicholas Magazine." In every man's life there are periods when a man thinks he is a born humorist, or a poet. Platt sowed his literary wild oats in the "St. Nicholas Magazine." He conducted the joke department. His humor was of the kind that inspires the savage to tickle the feet of the man in stocks. One sample will do:

The Preacher (*to the profane boatman*): "Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The Profane Boatman: "Up the canal on the 'Johnny Sands.'"

The Preacher: "No, no; you are going to hell faster than any canal-boat can carry you!"

Boatman: "And where are you going?"

Preacher: "I expect to go to heaven."

Boatman: "No, no; you are going right into this canal," and with that he pitched him in.

He was given to puns and quips and jibes, and, worst of all, to bad poetry. This verse is offered in evidence:

TO STELLA.

A little star rode all alone
  Along the azure sky,
And sang so mournfully because
  No other star was nigh.
But soon another planet swept
  Adown the ethereal main,
And twinkled at that pretty star,
  Which twinkled back again.
They wove in one their silver crowns
  And locked their flashing wings,
And now no rover of the skies
  Like happy Stella sings.

Now everything has its use, and this poetry—bad as it is—served its purpose in the world, for it led Tom Platt into politics. Every life has its secret. This is Platt's. He is a musician. In his younger days he could play—by ear—several instruments, and there is a myth in Owego that Tom Platt was handy with the melodeon. Being a rhymer, the inevitable followed. In the campaign of '56—an emotional campaign if there ever was one—the Abolitionists had Tom Platt get up the Owego Campaign Glee Club, and organize the Republican party in Tioga County. Old men and women in Owego will tell you that they still hold in their memories the picture of Tom Platt, a gaunt, loose-skinned youth, rangey and uncertain in the joints, standing at the head of a drove of wild-eyed human long-horns, as if to keep them from a stampede, waving his joist-like arms in rhythm to "down-left-right-up-down-left-right-up s-i-n-g!" And when they began to sing, the choirmen would huddle together like cold sheep, and almost bump heads so that the harmony should be close and effective. And all the time Tom Platt would hover over the group, keeping time with a foot or a finger, and chopping out the words of the song with his long, square flail of a jaw, full of delight at his handiwork. For the words of the songs were his. Here is one stanza of a song called "The Greeley Pill," set to the tune of "Captain Kidd—as he sailed." It is the Democrats who are talking:

Call us drunkards, liars, knaves,
  We're so sick, oh so sick;
Call us cowards, traitors, slaves,
  We're so sick.
Call us murderers, as you will,
Kick and lash us, we'll lie still;
Dr. Greeley, just one pill—
  We're so sick.

These lines are printed partly to show how precisely the political ballad has preserved its ethical, metrical, and poetical integrity

in the last fifty years; but chiefly to show that Tom Platt at the age of twenty-one, a callow youth, had in his day all the advantages of a high-toned political education in those good old times which one hears so much about, when aspirations were lofty, when motives were pure, when men were exalted by clear patriotism, and the recrimination and abuse and vilification so deplorable to-day had not crept into our politics. The song of the Greeley pill certainly reflected a political condition existing in Platt's youth. That condition was his early environment. It formed him, gave him his political color, and direction. Platt, as the organizer of the Republican party in Tioga County, used music which hath charms to soothe the savage breast; but it was a means to an end. The end of the party organizer in a district is not platforms, not sentiments, not aspirations, but votes counted on the tally sheet. Platt sang, and in his songs snarled and sneered and lampooned to get votes. There was little of art for art's sake in his attitude to the muse. Probably his artistic nature—which really is very big in him despite his practical employment—found expression when he sang in the church choir. Indeed, Platt sang in the church choir until he was nearly fifty years old. His musical taste still abides, and he has been a patron of the opera all his life. But music and the fine arts are diversions with Platt, not passions. For Platt has lived to work. He was elected county clerk of Tioga County in '59, but during the early sixties he went into the lumber business, seemingly for his health. He made lumber pay, his health improved, he became president of an Owego bank, and he had money to invest. He put some of it in the Southern Central Railroad, an Ohio enterprise, and went to Ohio to live. He had been dabbling in politics in Tioga County—as the average country banker since Crœsus has dabbled—by the back door of the bank; not enough to hurt, but just to see that the right man is elected sheriff and treasurer, and that the delegations to the State and congressional conventions shall be friendly. In Ohio Platt was unhappy. Perhaps the thought that the other crowd in Owego was running the Tioga County convention gnawed at his consciousness. At all events, Platt got his money out of the Ohio venture and came back to Owego. He worked with Cornell and Conkling and Louis F. Payn to give Grant the New York delegation in '68 and '72. As a result he got the Albany habit, and became known to the men about the political hotels of the capital. He used to walk about conventions and whisper things to delegates through the funnel of his hands. In '72 he refused a congressional nomination, but two years later he took it, and was elected. In the meantime he was watching his business. He was a prominent figure at the bankers' convention, wearing a Prince Albert coat and side whiskers. Life began to be a serious business with Platt, and it was a great concession to the amenities of friendship when he relaxed himself to make a pun, a mental tipple of which he is exceedingly fond even now, but which he guards lest it lead to the inebriety of geniality. His business grew. In the course of things he became interested in an express company, and was elected its president. Platt, who must dominate whatever he touches, found in Congress neither comfort nor profit. So he left it, and snuggled up to Conkling and Cornell and Payn, keeping his clutches on his district and gripping another. In 1877 it was that he pushed himself into the king-row, and was elected chairman of the Republican State convention. At that time he was a pleasant-looking, smooth-shaven, delicately-built man, restless, nervous, acquisitive. He had a hard, shifty eye, with a sort of left-over twinkle in it, and his long, broad jaw was the only thing in his face to prophesy his career. He seems to have had a double ambition: to be a rich man and a great politician. He had made a good start in his express business, and he was in the last years of his apprenticeship in the manipulation of men. His trade was about learned, and he was getting ready to set up a political business of his own. He began little innocent excursions in State legislation with local bills and private bills, turned out some neat and workmanlike jobs, and was becoming so important in State affairs that the people of his home town hated him. He felt his restless ambition for power lariated by the provincialism of Owego. There were too many persons walking past his box in the post-office peeking at the corners of the envelopes. So in '79 Platt moved to New York City, where one may be up after ten o'clock at night without causing comment. In a crowd he could conceal his motives and play his game unobserved; for Platt has an inborn love of the secretive. It goes so far that he is noncommittal in the presence of strangers about the state of the weather. He fixed his eyes on an appointive place that pleased him, and pounced upon the office of Quarantine Com-

missioner of New York, the only appointive office he has ever held. He administered his office well, but he played politics in it ten hours a day, which left few hours for the express business. His itch for power was overcoming his love for money. He was familiarizing himself with the political situations all over New York State. He kept his grip on the situation in Owego, and the details of the political life in any community came to have significance to him. About this time he formed a political partnership with Louis F. Payn, a Republican manipulator of some skill and renown. Platt and Payn were of the same age, reckoned by years, but reckoned by those political experiences which men describe by winks and shrugs, Platt was a bound boy and Payn a journeyman. After the Republicans elected the New York Legislature in 1880, Platt and Payn, operating with less than half a score of legislators, went down to Albany to take in the senatorial election. The two herders picketed their legislators to a temporary boom for Platt for senator, and began looking about to see how the game was running. Occasionally they found a maverick legislator, or traded for one, or removed a brand from a stray, and by the time the general round-up occurred it was apparent that Platt and Payn would have enough votes to throw the senatorial election where they chose. They chose to hold it. The people of New York, to whom Platt was merely a carpenter and joiner of politics, looked upon his senatorial candidacy and his statesmanship in a Pickwickian sense. And so one fine morning, when the papers announced that Platt was elected United States Senator from New York, the people were amused, but bewildered. Platt as senator in those days was a dwarf on stilts. He entered the Senate as the political friend, but not even the creature, and certainly not the ally, of Conkling, who was at the summit of his power. The two men were antithetic. Platt cared little for sentiment, nothing for political issues—he was a stalwart—and he abhorred the clash and clatter of rhetorical arms that gave Conkling such joy. Platt could work only under cover. Daylight politics blinded him. The very moment he entered the Senate, fate led him on to a great asphalt field under a glaring electric light. Publicity followed him as a search-light, and naturally when the Blaine-Conkling feud broke out, Platt put his head down, trying to dig under, and began intriguing with both sides. The friends of Garfield say that Platt gave them to understand (they say by explicit promise, which is improbable; he admits promise by implication) that he would stand by Garfield and Blaine and against Conkling and Arthur. Conkling also claimed Platt's support. As the quarrel neared a crisis, Platt's embarrassment became burning. Suspicion began to leer at him. Perhaps that slinking curve of his shoulders was bent in those days for all time.

When he resigned with Conkling, Platt was really only hunting cover. The light of publicity had dazed him. He expected to go into business, and had decided to make a career in Wall Street. He had acquired such a loathing for politics as a drunkard acquires for liquor just after a debauch. He told his friends that he was done with politics. Though for the sake of his temporary reputation, they say he was making a feint at seeking reëlection, they further say that Platt had no hope and no real desire to go back to the Senate. He went to Albany in a perfunctory way, and his canvass was a mummery. Conkling was gratifying a lustful appetite for power and glory; Platt was merely setting up the drinks for the boys, waiting for an opportunity to slip away home. Then a thunderbolt fell. Tom Platt's whole life changed in the twinkling of an eye. A scandal about a woman came, and smeared Platt's face with shame. Platt laid the blame of the incident on the friends of Blaine. Whether the story they told was true or untrue, deponent saveth not. That is really irrelevant. The effect that the scandal had upon the man's life, that only is important. The adversity which befell Tom Platt at Albany when the scandal came seemed to curdle his soul. He left Albany, withdrew even from the pretense of the senatorial race, and stole into the darkness. All his world laughed and scoffed and reviled. When he went back to his express office, he was supposed to be a dead man with the lime of shame eating him. But while the grass was growing over him, down in his grave Tom Platt was working out; every wile of his craft, every nerve of his energy, he summoned to help him. By nature he was indefatigable, and in that extremity he was implacable as well. He was ravening for revenge upon those who had heaped the shame upon him. After two busy years Platt had got less than half a dozen votes in the legislature, and with them under his arm he tiptoed out of the grave-yard of obscurity back to Albany. About the lobby

he assumed the meek disguise of a dealer doing business in a small way—in a very small way—in legislative job-work. But he handled his votes dexterously, and he held his growing business in the express office as a base of supplies. At the next session of the legislature Platt came up with a somewhat larger kit, and with an appetite for vengeance still unsated. But at the end of that session he was a power. He gained strength not by buying men, but by owning them, by breeding them and growing them. He worked into the Republican organization till it became his garment; then he cut it to fit him, and no man dared dispute his title. All this he did under the lash of a hungry vengeance.

All this he did, working under the surface of things, burrowing, digging. In those days he did not care for power for the sake of power. He cared nothing for issues, nothing for the measures he furthered; he was interested in winning the game, only because by winning it he believed that he could destroy his old enemies, and with their destruction he felt he would find some way to wipe the smirch from his name. That finally came to be Platt's mastering passion, almost a monomania. Because he was a pessimist, he scorned to hesitate at means. Ends only were vital. When, in 1889, Platt became absolute master of the Republican party in New York, when he owned Congressmen by the score, he was still unsatisfied. In a measure, he had sloughed off his zest for vengeance upon his former enemies. The habit of work, of incessant political activity, the grinding capacity for the thing before him, these were the chief things that moved him then. He had worked so far that Harrison's Cabinet was directly in front of him. But he could not get to it. When he found Harrison's refusal was final, Platt drew some sort of cartilaginous hood of stoicism over his face, and went on burrowing like an earth-worm, making history.

When he appeared in national politics again he was leading the campaign of James G. Blaine in 1892—Blaine, the man he hated, the very man whose friends, Platt claimed, had stained his name at Albany. But Platt had transferred his hate to Harrison, for refusing to give Platt the place in the Cabinet. The only way Platt saw to beat Harrison was with Blaine. The game was the game, the day's work, the day's work! And Platt supported James G. Blaine in the Convention of '92 faithfully and skillfully. Thus it will be seen that although Platt travels with the heavy accouterment of luxurious vengeance, he is always willing to throw it off, and make a truce with an enemy when the end requires it. Platt keeps an alliance with an enemy as honorably as he keeps it with a friend. And a friend, unless he is a wise friend who knows his man, may be as insecure without Platt's express promise, which he never breaks, as an enemy is. Platt has learned well what the modern politician learns in the alphabet of his education: that it does not pay under any circumstances, and for any reward or end, to lie. As a class, no men in the world are more absolutely truthful than the successful American politicians. Platt's success has been won by truth as well as by hard work. It should be added, here and now, that he is chary of his word, and that the man who gets the promise of Thomas Collier Platt to do a thing which he dislikes to do has done one of the most difficult things in American politics, for Platt is "set" in his way.

Platt is a hoodoo in national politics. He has been lucky in but one convention in nearly twenty years; he has no eye for the current of opinion. When Blaine failed in '92, Platt hitched his wagon to Tom Reed's star, and failed. Platt claimed a crumb of comfort in the fact that he brought the Republican Convention of '96 to adopt the gold standard, but even that crumb is disputed to him by Hanna, who says that Platt was one of a hundred who helped. Platt's part as a national leader closed when he put Roosevelt on the Presidential ticket in 1900. His national career has been stormy, calamitous, and generally inefficient. Fate itself seems to be against him. When he succeeds, as in the case of naming Roosevelt to be rid of him, fate sours his cup. Platt's greatness is not in Washington, but in Albany. His work there is permanent. And now follows the story of that work.

After the defeat of Blaine at the Minneapolis Convention in '92, Platt returned to his earth at Albany. There he had begun a great subterranean work under the institutions of popular government by the State; he went back to finish it. That is Platt's life-work. He is not a national statesman, not even a national politician. He is provincial in his influence; he is merely a magnified type of hundreds of earthworms boring beneath the roots of local self-government by cities and States, burrowing silently yet with incalculable power, loosening the soil, sagging foundations, changing the aspect of

the political landscape, preparing the ground for a harvest whose yield, even whose fruit, no man may dare to guess—save that in the end it will be good. To appreciate the bulk of the work Platt has done, it is necessary to consider the situation that he found when he began the work. Approximately speaking, that was twenty years ago. At that time the Legislature of New York State was much like the legislatures of other States. Sometimes the majority was honest, sometimes it was stupid, and sometimes it was venal. Persons interested in legislation took their chances, and acted accordingly. Then of course there were variations of intelligence and honesty in the same session. A legislature that was perfectly honest and reasonably intelligent about the school-book or the canal question might be either corrupt or dull about the railroad question, and a majority adamantine in its honesty about railroads might be open to mercenary conviction about insurance matters. And so it went. As a result, every interest that might, should, would, or could be affected by State legislation needed a lobby at Albany. The result was a large and expensive third house. Platt entered this third house, and found it a clumsy, inefficient affair. Frequently the legislators voted as they pleased—which, by the way, is not necessarily a wise way—and frequently the demagogues swayed the legislatures, and frequently opposing interests raised the price of legislative votes to figures entirely out of proportion to the actual commercial value of the votes. In short, an economic disorder prevailed in the New York Legislature which was painful to a business man of Platt's nice sense of proportion and arrangement. It was his mission in the world to bring order out of confusion.

Of course Platt did not set out consciously to do what he has done. Probably no one does a great new achievement who plans it all ahead. A man may labor without direction, and with nothing but temperament to guide him, and when his work is done it will be as consistent as it would have been if it had been planned in advance. With Platt it is thus. He has followed no model—not even an ideal. His result is due to the tireless persistence of his temperament. At first he had no desire to control more than a few votes—the balance of power. He has always worked in the lower house of the Assembly, because it is generally Republican, and because it takes the initiative in legislation. From controlling the balance of power, Platt grew into the control of the majority of his party caucus in the legislature. Of course this growth was slow. Time and again in a State convention and in a legislature he has been beaten disastrously. Often he has been accused of wrecking a State ticket to keep an enemy out of power, and sometimes men and measures he has opposed have won in spite of him. But he has always been as active after defeat as after victory, which is the mark of the successful politician. When his man has been turned down for the head of the ticket, Platt has gone into the convention and named the other candidates on the ticket, thereby controlling the executive council; and he nominated the State Central Committee, while his opponents were rejoicing over the final overthrow of Platt. From controlling the majority party in the legislature, Platt has wormed his way into the administrative branch of the government. During the last ten years he has tried to own the governor and the State officers as well as the legislature. Occasionally he has succeeded, though the proposition is difficult, for the type of man named for governor is often a higher type than Platt; and governors have been frequently hard to curry. But governors were mere incidents. It is the control of the State Central Committee that chiefly concerns Platt. That is his firm fortress. Through the State Central Committee Platt reaches legislatures before they are elected. His method is simple. As a rule, a man running for the legislature has no money to spend on his campaign. Platt furnishes the candidate with money for election expenses through the agency of the State Central Committee. How Platt gets that money is another story, to be told later. But the candidate for the legislature who believes in the integrity of his party sees no harm in accepting one hundred, five hundred, or one thousand or more dollars from the State Central Committee. And be it said to the credit of the candidates, generally this money is spent honestly—considering the standard of the times. When the legislator is elected he is inclined to abide by the decision of the party caucus on questions which require his vote. If he bolts the caucus, a new man often appears from his district the next session. If a corporation, or an interested citizen, or business concern has a bill pending before the legislature, it is evident that the person to talk to is the man who controls the party caucus. That man is he who sends the campaign expenses to the candidates for

the legislature. That man is Thomas Collier Platt. But why see Platt without a proper introduction? A good way to get an introduction is through the treasurer of your company, saying that during the last campaign your company contributed so many dollars to the Republican State Central Committee and that the bearer has a little matter before the legislature in which he would be grateful for Senator Platt's assistance. Upon that basis Platt may be interested. The little matter is attended to, the necessity of an expensive lobby at Albany is avoided, and if the matter is not too palpably culpable, the wishes of the people in the matter have merely an academic interest. What we call popular government is abrogated by purchase of privileges. It costs a great corporation less to contribute to the State Central Committees of both political organizations than it does to keep a lobby at Albany, and be forever harassed by the threat of unfriendly legislation. Also it is more certain of desirable results. More than that, the people like it, for there are no longer stories of individual corruption, of bribes and scandals, and the salacious gossip that inevitably arises when a numerous lobby is spending money at a capital. Then, in addition to all that, this money, which the lobbyists used to spend at Albany, is now spent for torch-light processions and picnics, and bands and banners and fireworks out among the great plain people; so they are contented.

Now all this would have been a wonderfully effective and valuable machine, if its mechanical perfection had ended right there, but it did not. Platt took it further. When he got a taste for governors, he found out how to use them. There was danger that the legislature might some time be Democratic, which would be embarrassing. So Platt took as much power out of the hands of the legislature as he dared, and put it into the hands of the executive. Platt now has commissions which are appointed by the governor running the railroads and the insurance companies, and the canals and State banks, and as many other financial and industrial concerns as possible, which are sources of revenue to the Central Committee. So that with a Republican administration in power, and a Republican legislature, Platt may go away and leave the legislature for weeks at a time, and have all his political interests safe in the care of a dozen commissioners. If the Republican State ticket should be defeated at the next election, and the upper house of the legislature remain Republican and the lower house go Democratic, the law—which is Platt's perfection of his simple legislative thumb-screw—would hold his Republican commissioners in office until their Democratic successors are qualified and confirmed by Platt's Republican State Senate! Thus the reader will see that when the Democrats beat Platt at Albany, they will have to make a clean sweep of the legislative and executive branches of the State—an unlikely circumstance. And Platt has one resource left even then. The judiciary is recruited from among the faithful. Too often the judges of the Court of Appeals are Platt's men. A cursory glance at the prospectus of the Platt Legislative Trust and Investment Company would indicate that its stock is a fairly safe investment for New York capitalists looking for anything in that line.

Platt has established something more than a personal machine. He has established—or grown up with (which it is, heaven knows)—an institution which is as much a part of the government of this country as the judiciary or the legislature or the ballot-box, even though it is not in the constitution of any State. The party machine is here. It is an instrument of government. It stands between what may at any time develop into a mad mob at the ballot-box and the ever-present greed of strong men drunk with the power of money.

Platt's machine, and, indeed, all party machines in all the States and cities and in the nation have one immovable check—an honest executive. The governor has the State patronage. In this there is power over legislatures. Platt depends on the gratitude for favors received as the lever which gives him his power. There is also that gratitude which, as John J. Ingalls said, is the lively expectation of favors to come. The governor holds the lever of that power. If he is independent of the machine, or ambitious to establish a machine of his own, he can carry out whatever honest plans he may have—and unfortunately a few dishonest ones. But, generally speaking, a man who is strong and independent enough to ignore a machine is intelligent enough to be honest. The humanness of the governor is the only weakness in the party machine, whether it be Platt's machine in New York or the machine of any other party manager in the land.

And right here comes a spritely story. When Governor Roosevelt went to Albany, it

was with the explicit understanding that he would confer with Senator Platt about all important gubernatorial appointments. Platt had no other hold on the new governor. The most important appointment to be made by Roosevelt, according to Platt's mind, was that of insurance commissioner. Platt desired the reappointment of Louis F. Payn, of blessed memory aforementioned. Roosevelt would have none of Payn. Platt blustered and threatened. Roosevelt was firm. The game was this: If the State Senate did not confirm the man whom Roosevelt named as Payn's successor, Payn would hold over for two years. That was Platt's card; for Platt was supposed to control the majority party in the Senate. On the other hand, if Platt forced a fight with the governor, there might be interesting complications. Roosevelt submitted a list of six other machine Republicans for Platt to choose from. Platt refused to desert Payn. However, Roosevelt dealt Payn a blow squarely between the eyes when, by swooping down on a trust company with a State examination, the governor found that the directors of the trust company were the same men who were directors of an insurance company which Payn was examining as insurance commissioner, and that the trust company had made a loan to Payn of half a million dollars. The security of this loan was interesting. It pointed directly to the work Payn had done in a former legislature for a great street railway corporation. That was Roosevelt's card. But there was not a corrupt politician on either side of the Senate who was not under obligations to Payn, and the insurance companies—under Payn's control—turned out as one man and demanded his reappointment. That was another of Platt's cards. There were twenty-seven Republicans against twenty-three Democrats in the Senate. Under orders from Croker the Democrats went solidly for Payn except three, two of whom wanted to vote "furdest away from Tammany," and one who was inspired by civic righteousness. A dozen of the twenty-three Republican senators needed could be trusted to stand by Roosevelt for the gratitude which anticipates its rewards. The others might be influenced by the sheer force of public opinion, but if the regular organization of the party stood against public opinion they would stand by the organization. Conference followed conference. The session began to draw to a close. Roosevelt was good-natured to the point of jocosity. But he was firm. Platt could not budge the young man. Once Platt wired the governor, "Meet me at lunch at the Fifth Avenue," or some such place. The governor replied that he could not do it, and asked Platt to meet him at breakfast at the home of a friend. Platt came to Roosevelt. In a spirit of good-natured teasing, it is said that the governor read the boss's telegram to the company at breakfast, and asked them gayly what they thought of that for a message to be sent to the governor of a great State. The company laughed merrily. Platt grinned—bore it. This story illustrates the situation. Good-natured, cold-steel badinage on the part of Roosevelt, smothered wrath on Platt's part. A crisis came. There was a story that two or three of the machine men had deserted Platt. Platt came for a final conference. The time was getting short. The governor was cheerfully firm; the boss was irascibly arrogant, with a touch here and there of melodramatics. At the close of the interview he had accomplished nothing. He had told the governor that the situation meant a fight and a split in the Republican party. The governor had smiled toothfully and accepted the situation. The boss got up to go. He got nearly to the door; then turned back, and surrendered, body and breeches. He accepted Hendricks, the first name on the governor's list of six. The opposition collapsed. This story should go into history; for it is typical of all contests that will come in other years and other times than these between the misdirected machine and the honest executive. The executive who is right and who is brave must always win, no matter what odds seem to be against him. It is written in the very law of the machine that it shall fail when human intelligence in the executive opposes it courageously.

Several times Platt and Roosevelt disagreed, and where a question of honesty was raised Roosevelt has won. So Platt conspired to shelve Roosevelt. Platt and Quay made Roosevelt Vice-President to punish him for his integrity. Then came Odell to the governor's chair. Odell was Platt's agent, as chairman of the State Central Committee, but as governor Odell broke the former relation, and defied Platt. Odell has a firm grip on the levers and springs and stop-cocks of the machine, and Odell is a young man and Platt is an old man. So the contest, if it is prolonged, can have but one end, and that will be the end of Platt.

But he has not surrendered the scepter yet. Nominally he is the head of the ma-

chine, and still enjoys his power. This power which he once craved for what it could give him, now he loves as a miser loves his coins, and whoever casts even a shadow between Platt and his power will hear the click of the fox's teeth. Platt's whole life is devoted to his treasure; he cares nothing for and knows nothing of the principles of parties. He is merely a stalwart. If it will help him in New York, Platt will vote for free trade or free silver or any issue which the Republican caucus might espouse. He does not even consider public sentiment in his reckonings. A long life with the machine has blunted his political moral sense. A moral issue is a color in the prism which his mental eye does not discern. He was surprised in '93, when the unspeakable Maynard, the Democratic candidate for judge of the Court of Appeals, was defeated; and when men like Joseph Choate, and Elihu Root, and Frederick W. Holls were sent to the constitutional convention the same year as Republican delegates, Platt, who assumed that the ticket would be defeated because Cleveland had carried New York by 50,000 the year before, ascribed the Republican success to Divine Providence; he knew well enough that he had nothing to do with it, and he didn't even dream of it, though a politician of any moral sense would have felt the coming of the tidal wave.

But Platt is narrow, both morally and intellectually speaking. At his home he reads an occasional book, and sometimes he goes to the opera or to the theater, for his delight in music still remains the soft spot which he turns to humanity. But in the main the man's whole existence is wrapped up in contemplation of the intestinal phenomenon of his party in New York State. It is a matter of absorbing importance to Platt to know that in the Tenth Ward in Syracuse Bill Jones, who was defeated for a place in the county convention by the John Smith gang, has finally got Tom Brown on his side, and will join in with the Robinson fellows to beat Jim Hughes for ward committeeman, and thereby discredit the Smith gang; or that up in Oswego, where they eat fish on Friday, and vote the Democratic ticket, the Irish have offended the bow-and-arrow French by naming Cahill for recorder, and that there is a chance to "trade in" a Republican over in the eastern wards of the town, and thereby elect an alderman at the next city election. Hundreds of these situations find abiding-place in Platt's mind. He knows the factional fights, and the causes of them, in every county in New York. The knowledge of these fights is power. For he plays faction against faction in handling men. He has been sitting in the Central Committee rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, hearing these stories of the factions, day after day, year after year. Life means nothing else to him now. The guile of politics is his meat and drink.

In the United States Senate, where Platt has served since '97, he cuts a small figure. He is not a powerful man on the floor of the Senate, nor in the Republican caucus. He is, for the most part, the log-roller, willing to vote for this man's measure if the man will help Platt with some patronage scheme. He takes no active interest in the large trend of national events. The social life of the Senate bores him, and he is miserable until the tedious business of the session is done, and he is back at his express office, or sitting at his desk in the Fifth Avenue, gloating over his power. He is closing his life with few warm personal friendships. His closest allies are his new friends. For he is quarrelsome, petulant, and suspicious, and those who are nearest him to-day will tell you they owe him nothing. He holds men by fear rather than by fealty. He has a tactless, repellent manner to strangers whom he does not trust, and he requires absolute subservience from his adherents. He is not an "easy boss." Often his lieutenants defy him, and when he cannot punish them, he makes the virtue of generosity out of his impotence; but hates the men who defy him with an obsequious hate. He is a good judge of human weakness, but he cannot comprehend strength. He underestimated Roosevelt, Root, and Odell, because he has no sort of conception of that part of a man which is called the moral nature. And yet in money matters Platt is honest. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars pass through his hands annually for political purposes, and I don't believe that one penny ever sticks to his fingers. He has never made money out of politics. His tastes are simple. He has never lived extravagantly. He is proud of the implicit trust the great corporations and their agents put in his financial integrity, and he would not part with that pride, which is the foundation of his self-respect, for all the money in Wall Street. His former friends may say, perhaps, that he has betrayed them, but no man who has contributed a dollar to buy oil for Platt's machine ever has found fault with Platt's investment. Probably his machine is one of the few things in the world

to which Platt is absolutely true. And now he is a machine himself—hard, impulseless, cunning, cute but witless, immovable, inexorable, grinding, persistent as the power that pulls him, a thing to be taken apart without finding a soul, yet shrewd and with almost human intelligence in his limited work.

For some reason the Republicans of New York State regard Platt as a Heaven-sent leader to reform and redeem the wicked city of New York. They do not see that Platt can never rule New York. New York is essentially feudal, and the king must be of the native blood. Platt is a foreigner; he may make an occasional raid into the city and dethrone the king; he may even set up a temporary protectorate or a fleeting dynasty; but he and all his kith and kin will ever be pretenders with the populace. It will rise and drive them out at the first crisis. Platt knows no more about New York City than he knows of Lahore, and he can never learn it. For the spirit of feudal charity and rough kindness to its own people, which is the real spirit of Tammany with all its corruption, is the spirit of New York, and a cold-blooded, mousey, fidgety little man who walks cautiously catwise across his own bedroom floor, will never rule New York City.

But all this cannot interest Platt much now; for he whom they have been calling "the old man" for so many years is passing very gently from his kingdom and his power. He has the dry, purple-pink parchment skin of senility, and his voice is no longer firm. His eyes are often dull. He wears the unkempt beard that old men have. He sleeps much in the daytime, and he works automatically when he is awake. Last year he attended a splendid banquet, where the leaders of his national party spoke. While the greatest national leader of them all was covertly jabbing Platt with an innuendo, the old man fell asleep. He drowsed through the evening as gently as a child, and when it was all over, he came out rather confused on the arm of a big stalwart New Yorker. A group of reporters in the hallway asked Platt what the national leader had said at the banquet. The old man paused for a moment, looking questioningly at the reporters, and finally replied in a dreary voice: "At the banquet? What banquet? I know of no banquet." Then gripping his big friend's arm, and turning from the reporters, the old man sighed: "Come on; let us go now, Ben." And so he tottered away.

Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

By Agustus Bridle and J. K. Macdonald.

The True story of the wanderings of Charles Bunn who fought starvation for eight days on the rusty rocks of the Arctic Barren Grounds.

CHARLES BUNN, an American, had Arctic geological records of the Canadian Government to bring out to civilization. They are in Edmonton as this is being written. They should be placed in the Dominion archives, with this story telling how they were brought from the Barren Grounds. The story is taken from the lips of Bunn himself, who is probably on his way to the Barren Grounds again.

Twenty-three years ago, while still in knickerbockers, Bunn ran away from his Oregon home. He was a horse jockey at ninety-six pounds. "Cow-punching" on the Montana ranges came when his shoulders got too broad for a race-horse; two years of "bronco-busting" was his next experience; after that he drove a stage in Montana.

At thirty he was deputy sheriff; and it was during this term of office that he became a double-handed performer with the six-shooter. Two years in the Helena fire-brigade put his muscles in shape for mountain climbing. It was Bunn who, in 1897, packed a 280-pound theodolite 11,000 feet up the "Going-to-the-Sun" Mountain in Montana, to sight Jackson Peak.

When the world's emigration to the Klondike came in 1898, Bunn was in it.

In June, 1900, he joined Bell's geological expedition. J. M. Bell was deputed by his uncle, Dr. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, to explore the lands north and east of Great Bear Lake, to make a geological survey of that part of the Barren Region, and to search for minerals in the ribs of the Dease and Coppermine rivers. This is the fabled copper land. No true map has ever yet been made of it.

Bell's party, consisting of Bunn, Camsell, and two half-breeds, Tremblee and Sanderson, left Fort Norman on the MacKenzie in two Peterborough canoes, June 18, 1900. On August 1st the party camped on a rock island in Dease Bay. They made a cache of most of their provisions and ammunition and one canoe, and set out again August 2d, with the other canoe, northeast up the Dease River.

Seven hours' paddling brought them to a rapid. They disembarked for a tramp of twenty-five miles to a feeder of the Coppermine, which they crossed. They pushed on, thinking to reach the Coppermine elbow and follow the shores of the river in their search for copper. But the Coppermine elbow was further than the marking of Bell's chart. They turned ninety degrees and put straight north to a point further down the Coppermine feeder.

It was during this tramp that Sanderson, the half-breed guide, strayed from camp. Sanderson carried the ammunition. The party waited a day and shot a caribou with one of the two cartridges they happened to have. Thinking he would soon be back, they cached the bulk of their caribou carcass and kept only the choice bits. They journeyed on. The grub-stake wore down to the caribou's kidneys, heart, and tongue, besides a little chunk of bacon and a tin of cocoa. Still Sanderson did not come. Bell decided that there was no use looking for him any longer, and determined to take chances on the man's finding the camp on the Dease and push ahead.

They were now in the treeless copper lands. Bell was to locate, if possible, a certain copper mountain known to the Indians and dreamed of by other explorers than Bell.

It was now August 4th. Sanderson had not returned. Bell chose Camsell to accompany him to a mountain whose rocky top they could see a short distance westward. He sent Bunn and Tremblee to pack the rest of the outfit back to the Dease. To Bunn he intrusted the thirty-pound bag of rock, all the geological specimens secured on the trip; also the entire records of the survey up to date. Bunn carried, besides, a pair of Hudson Bay four-point blankets, a mosquito-bar, a Winchester rifle with one cartridge, a stew-pan, kettle, jackknife, pencil, and note-book. He had neither coat nor vest. His watch and compass were both with Bell. Tremblee had no compass, and carried only a blanket, tea-kettle, caribou robe, and a box and camera. Both men's deer-skin moccasins were worn out. All the provisions they had when the party split was a little chunk of boiled bacon and some cocoa. Bell took that, leaving Bunn the Winchester and the one cartridge.

Bell and Camsell started west. Bunn and Tremblee went south for a short cut back to Dease Bay. That was the last Bunn saw of Bell and his companions.

Snow falls on the Great Bear every month in the year. On August 5th the Arctic wind for eight hours running flung a snowstorm on the limestone ledges and the muskegs, sizzling into the pools, choking into the moss, flattening the Arctic violets and the poppies, and blinding the travelers.

Bunn told Tremblee that there was no use trying to travel. Tremblee had matches, but it was impossible to light a moss fire in that storm. They halted, blundered around till they found a limestone jut, and crawled under. When they got up, their blankets and clothes were soaked and as heavy as lead. They camped again that night, without supper or fire, and both men were barefooted. The night was less than two hours long at that season. They were soon up and on the way. No breakfast. But Bunn still had his Winchester and one cartridge.

About five o'clock a caribou buck stuck his snag crooks over a ledge. Bunn brought his Winchester with its single cartridge to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. The cap snapped and the buck cleared.

Soon they came to a creek that runs into a fork of the Coppermine. Fording over the bowlders under the weight of his outfit, Bunn's feet, half paralyzed with cold, slipped on a stone. Bunn called to Tremblee to wait, saying that he had sprained his ankle. Trem-

blee, without stopping, said that he would go ahead and build a moss fire on some knolls they had passed a day or two before. That was the last Bunn saw of Tremblee for six months. Ever since the Midnight Sun came in June there had been bad blood between the two men. This was a chance to get even.

Bunn, scarcely able to limp along with his pack, thought he might get shelter for the night at a "huskie" camp he had seen in the distance the day before. He started in the direction of it, and about an hour before dark he reached the place. There was nothing there but a few heaps of ashes, charred rags of moss, and some scattered caribou bones. The camp had moved.

Bunn did not try to track the "huskies." He gave his pack another hunch and limped on till dark. Then he pitched camp; that is, he stopped barefooted on a cold rock, leaned his empty gun on a moss knoll, unstrapped his pack, rolled himself into his cold, soggy blankets, took a chunk of wet moss for his pillow, and lay awake shivering and hungry. His ankle was not paining him so much since it had swelled the size of his leg at the knee.

Morning came and no Tremblee. The white partridges began to whirr and wheel over the ledges and muskegs as far as the eye could see. Bunn put in half an hour throwing stones at them in the hope of getting a breakfast. But he did not come within twenty feet of one. The bull caribou wobbled their antlers over the moss knolls and rush-grass within a hundred feet of him. A caribou gets chummy when he knows you carry a gun that isn't loaded. Well, even his chumminess was something in that soak-hole of a desert. To right and left, before and behind, nothing but gray sky, and the cold, soggy, everlasting galleries of limestone and muskegs.

J. M. Bell wrote to a friend of Bunn's in Edmonton, when he believed him dead, that he counted Bunn a hard man to lose. And Bunn did not believe he was lost now. He thought that in all probability he would come to the "land of little sticks," where dead spruce and fir bordered the lake, the "titchin-nichilie" as the Yellow Knives call it. Then it would be but half a day to the cache. He noticed on shouldering his pack that his sprained ankle wobbled. So he hunched the pack a little over his left shoulder to balance up, and started southwest, according to his idea, by the sun behind the everlasting clouds just about due southeast. From ledge to muskeg and from muskeg to ledge he went, and at every muskeg he stooped under his pack, and pulled the pale, water-flavored berries from the ankle-high scrubs. There is as much food for a man's body in muskeg berries as in drops of dew.

Sometime during that day Bunn sat down to tear strips from one of his blankets for moccasins. His feet were stiff and sore from tramping in the snow on the limestone; especially the injured ankle, which felt like a chunk of half-cooked meat on the end of his shin-bone. There were red daubs on the snow, but they would not serve his companions in tracking him, for the snow was already running into the muskegs.

The next thing the traveler did was to search out the highest knoll for a prospect. He crawled up. He let his eye rim a circle of gray rocks, little ash-colored lakes, gray-green rushes, and little capillaries of trickling water that go from muskeg to muskeg, eternally gnawing at the limestone. But no "little sticks"; not a twig in sight as big as the prong of a caribou horn. Still Bunn did not believe that he was lost. As he returned to his pack he said to himself that he had probably strayed a little. He packed his stuff and started to mow a swath in the muskeg berries.

Again the shadows slid over the muskegs. Bunn rolled once more in his blankets on a ledge as much like the one he had camped on the night before as one muskeg berry is like another. He had traveled barefooted that day, sprained ankle and all, not less than fifteen miles. But if he had danced a ring-dance as the Yellow Knives do, it would have helped him as much. An Arctic summer night without flies and mosquitoes is most still, and the snowstorm had killed them all. The only sounds Bunn heard that night were the lonely, half-gargled squawk of a caribou kid, and more often the deep, hungry howl of the timber wolf.

Morning and cloud came again; the 8th of August, the third day of Bunn's wanderings. It seemed to Bunn when he shouldered his pack that morning as though there were two in the outfit—himself and hunger. He ate the muskeg berries till he could taste them no longer, then nibbled moss. The caribou bucks on the benches (the same, apparently, that he had seen the day before) looked at him curiously, but without fear. There was enough meat in one of those caribou to last Bunn a week, enough hide on one to make him shoes for a month. It was no use trying to make a bow and arrow out of moss and limestone. He could not help feeling again, and once

again, as he had done a score of times before, in his hip-pocket for a cartridge. Of course he had none. He knew that. He unlocked the breech of his rifle again and looked in. Of course it was empty. He knew that also. But habit is strong in a man even in the Barren Grounds. Bunn had not traveled a day for ten years without cartridges. He raised his empty rifle to his shoulder, took aim, and pulled the trigger. Then he laughed at his own folly. And it was night again.

No "titchin-nichilie" yet, and no sleep. It seemed to Bunn as though his stomach was a snake. Unable to lie still, he got up and packed his outfit. He tore fresh strips from his blanket to bind his feet and started on once more. Hunger was driving him.

Coming to a high ledge he peered over the top into a muskeg. A bull caribou stood in the slough nipping rushes. Bunn quietly laid down his rifle and unstrapped his pack. He took his large jackknife from his pocket, opened it, and crept around the ledge till he was close enough to hear the bull breathe. Another length of his body, and he could smell the brute's breath. It made him feel like a wolf. Already in fancy he was on the bull's back with his knife dug to the hilt in its neck. Already he could feel the dribble of the warm blood on his hands and the frantic plunges of the dying brute.

But the caribou's scent is quick even when its ears are slow and the land dark. The hunter's body was just looming into view for a desperate leap into the slough when the brute threw up its head, gave a quick puff, turned, and trotted away through the rushes.

Morning and gray cloud again; a most hungry cloud over a desert full of hunger. "Ker—ker—ker" went the cry of the white partridges as they rose in front of the traveler's feet and whirred away over the rocks. Bunn felt no fatigue with that hunger-snake writhing in his stomach. He pulled the muskeg berries without once dropping his pack or his gun. His fingers worked on the low scrubs like the tongs of a machine. If he had been going toward the "titchin-nichilie" before, on that fourth day he would have lost his bearings. He forgot Tremblee and Bell and the cache. The fifty-pound pack on his back had no weight. It was simply a day of murderous hunger.

Bunn's ankle kinked in the dark on the side of a knoll and he stumbled. It was not worth while to get up. He could lie there just as well as anywhere. The kettle rolled clattering down into a slough. Bunn left it there. His brain had ceased to recognize hunger. That night he dozed half an hour.

The fifth day came like all the others, a wash of water-colored light soaking into the gray clouds from somewhere. Bunn's legs shook when he rose. His tongue clogged in his mouth like a chunk of fur, and his heart pounded his ribs as though he had run a mile. He tore the last piece of one blanket into strips for moccasins, strapped his bag of rock, mosquito-bar, and one blanket on his back, and taking his gun started on. He was cutting down his pack. One blanket, the kettle, and frying-pan were gone. But he kept the bag of rocks and the records.

Bunn was not hungry now, and did not bother to look for food. He pulled berries occasionally as a matter of habit. His stomach was asleep. He wondered how long it might be till his heart followed suit, and for the first time in his life felt for his pulse. He fumbled a long time to find it. When he did, he tried to count the beats. It was no use. Five slow, big thumps, followed by an uncountable lot of flutters; then slow again. The thing was crazy.

That day Bunn looked across the pale green rushes at a limestone bowlder. Clearer than the hulks of the caribou or the white flutter of partridges he saw the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were pricked, and the red, long tongue slobbered out over the white fangs. But when the black, blood-hunting eyes met Bunn's, the head swung round the bowlder, and the brute slunk off to find a sick caribou or a stray kid. Not yet.

Bunn saw musk-ox tracks that day in the moss. Farther on he saw the bones of a musk-ox on the edge of a slough. Some wolf's work. Bunn kicked over the great hooked horns that still hugged the big skull. "Some wolf's work." How would that look for an epitaph over a sack of rock, a couple of moss-grown note-books, a rusty gun, and a few white man's bones? Bunn smiled and wandered on.

He rested often that day. Once when he got up from a moss hummock he had to lean on his gun to steady himself before starting to walk. He sat down again, unstrapped his pack, and threw away his remaining blanket and wet mosquito-bar. That would lighten the load a little. He restrapped the bag of trap rock on his back.

Bunn spent the last half hour of twilight, while the partridges settled on the hummocks, in picking his camp. He chose a jutting ledge of limestone close to a runnel and crawled under it. On one side of him

MAP SHOWING THE COUNTRY WHERE BUNN WAS LOST.

he placed his sack of rock, on the other his empty gun. The ledge was at his back. From that side at least he was safe from a wolf, and the jut of the rock afforded a little shelter.

The squawk of the caribou kids came oftener that night. Bunn half fancied himself at home on a big cattle range. Then the deep, hungerful howl of the wolf came pounding over the stillness. Bunn sat up. He wanted to sleep, but he fought sleep away and listened to the wolf. Five days now he had struggled on, believing that he would find his way out. The wolf was after him, knowing he was lost. Bunn instinctively felt for his knife, opened it, and sat leaning against a rock. After a while the gray spaces of the muskegs and benches lightened a little. His weary eye rested a moment on the runnel at his feet. There was a star in it. He looked up. The gray cloud was breaking up. Morning came, and for the first time in seven days Bunn saw the sun. It blazed into a clear blue out of a ruck of stale cloud at a left angle of not more than forty degrees from his previous line of travel. He had been making east by south into the basin of the Coppermine in a direction opposite to that of the Bell cache on Dease Bay, away from the Dease basin entirely! The "titchin-nichilie" must be at least sixty degrees to the right of his line of travel.

Bunn picked out the nearest high ledge he could see within his proper line of direction, and worked over to that. From the top of it he leaned on his gun and surveyed the scene of his wanderings. Sunlight flaring on sullen limestone, muskeg grass, and moss; on dark slough and flashing runnel; on gray caribou and gleaming partridge. No "titchin-nichilie," no "land of little sticks."

Bunn opened his bag of rock and dumped its contents on the limestone. He picked out seven or eight of the more valuable specimens, and placed them in his hip-pocket with his record-books and jackknife. That much, at least, he would save for the Government if possible. He tore the bottom from his trouser legs as high as the knee to wrap up his feet. He started on, carrying now little but his empty gun. He was getting slowly down to an aboriginal outfit.

This was the sixth day. Bunn was working south by west in the direction of the

lake. He would probably strike an arm of it that day, and might chance on a deserted camp of the Yellow Knives or a dead fish not too far gone; for he knew his blood was hungry if his stomach was not.

The sun crawled blazing up into its narrow loop, sucking the sloughs into a brew of steam. Out of the steam came the black-flies and the big Arctic mosquitoes. Their six-day sleep after the snow had made them fierce. The caribou bulls tossed their huge antlers and plunged in the sloughs to escape from their tormentors. The sting of the black-fly leaves a hot pimple of poison on a man's body as big as a trouser button. The Arctic mosquito is less poisonous, but it takes more blood. They bit through Bunn's shirt, and camped on his bare legs and neck.

Bunn wandered on, and let them bite and suck. He might as well get used to it while he still kept his shirt, for it would be but a matter of time till that was torn off to make foot-wraps. He saw his shadow following him that sixth day, and the thing seemed a reality. In moments of delirium he talked to it, and in moments of recurring reason caught himself in the act. When the shadow went out at sunset, he looked across a muskeg; there stood an old gray wolf and his mate. After that he tore the loose left sleeve of his shirt off for fresh bandages. The stars glimmered out over the muskegs. Bunn wandered on. He wanted to sleep, but fought sleep away. Nothing sleeps long in the Barren Grounds, where hunger and the wolf go everywhere. Bunn still had his gun and his knife. The gun might yet keep off absolute starvation if he ever reached the cache and the cartridges on Dease Bay. The knife might stand off a wolf before he got there. Once at Dease Bay, Bunn's chances of getting the papers and rocks out to civilization were worth a stake.

The Dipper wheeled above his head; it was the seventh day. Bunn noticed, as he looked at his long shadow, that his cowboy hat was gone. He tried to remember where he had lost it. No use. He had probably used it to fight mosquitoes, and dropped it somewhere. He sat down and tore off the left half of the body of his shirt for foot bandages. The hot sun beat on his head. The black-flies and mosquitoes camped on his naked neck, legs, and shoulder. He had no strength to waste brushing them off. They bit and sucked; he did not feel them. His body was going to sleep along with his stomach. The only sensations he seemed to have left were the vague ones of space, time, and motion. But his heart kept plugging away at the old job, and his brain worked strangely with it. Several times that day Bunn found himself talking to his former comrades. What he said he cannot remember, but he thinks it was something about the canoes and the caribou and the copper in the rocks. Then he would see the gray wolves on the gray rocks ahead, and know he was alone and feel for his knife again. The struggle was narrowing down.

The wolves came within two hundred yards of him that night. Bunn kept his feet as long as he was able. Then he sat down on a hummock. The howl of the wolf seemed to pound the rocks hollow; and in the intervals of silence he could feel his heart thumping his chest and ears like a man's boots keeping time on a floor.

There is a big rhythm in a man's heart just before he loses his last grip, as though the whole earth throbs with it. His heart had all but finished its contract. The brain still waged the uneven contest. But now it seemed to have lost its power to will. Brain and heart were soon to quit together; hope was going, too. The lost wanderer said to himself that night that the game was up. He saw the stars tremble over the distant muskegs, and closed his eyes. Then he saw familiar faces; not his camp companions, but the faces of friends and of two old people he had known long ago down in Montana.

The deep tones of the wolf broke across his dream, and he started up. His brain had learned to obey that call, and forced the body to obey it. The stars were going out over the muskegs where a pale reddish light rimmed the view. The white sun burned its way into the sky out of the everlasting ring of limestone. The eighth day!

Bunn stuck the butt of his gun into the moss, and leaning on it raised himself. His heart doubled its beat. Its wild thumping made him gasp as he picked his way down and drank out of a runnel. For a moment, as he lay there scarcely able to rise, he got a shivering glimpse of his own face. He started to his feet in fear. He did not tear any more of his shirt to wrap up his feet. They were dead things now. He pulled himself up a knoll as soon as he got to one high enough for a prospect, and leaning on his gun scanned the country. No, there was no ledge high enough to hold a man's body out of reach; no cave into which he might crawl. The Barren Grounds have but one grave for the sick caribou and the lost trav-

eler. That is the belly of the wolf. Bunn could see a gray pack of them across the sloughs right ahead of him in his line of travel—waiting. It was no use going any farther.

The sky-line seemed to crawl farther out as he watched. His eyes were swollen half-shut, and he tried to clear away the mist that was gathering over them. The bluish land-rim began to mix oddly into the sky. Out of the blur came a mirage. Bunn had seen mirages before; never one like this. He rubbed the mosquitoes out of his swollen eyes and looked again. There it was still—a long, sweeping ring of gray, leafless spars pointing up like dead fingers out of a mass of dull, deadish green. It was the "titchin-nichilie," the "land of little sticks"!

His eyes swung to the left and rested on a level patch of blue. The lake! He followed the curve of it and saw something that made him want to yell with joy, though he could not. Between the snags and the water was a bunch of teepees. Bunn had seen teepees enough to know that these were the big open-top caribou lodges of the Yellow Knives. He could not count them, but it was one of their big camps, right on the rim of the bay, and distant not more than seven miles.

Bunn got down and started on. If he could make that camp before his heart stopped he was saved. If not—he dared not stop for the calculation. Whenever he paused to suck a wad of wet moss, there went his heart again, thumping, thumping. He rested and walked almost automatically till he got to the "titchin-nichilie." Then he dragged his way slowly through the scrub. He could not see the camp, but a low wind swishing through the undergrowth told him the lake was getting nearer. The last half-mile he made on hands and knees, trailing his gun to the edge of a small slough. Across the blue-mudded surface of the slough he saw the big lodges on the bay. There was no sound, no smoke. A row of birch-bark canoes at the water's edge; some heaps of fire-wood, and a bunch of willow-bark fish-nets hanging on a bare teepee pole—these were all Bunn could see. It was a deserted village of the Barren Grounds. Its savage inhabitants were out north meeting the caribou does, and its only sign of life was a gray wolf on the camp edge of the slough. Bunn was near enough to count its ribs.

He plunged into the slough. The wolf slunk away among the teepees. Bunn's feet went into the blue muck up to the knees. When he pulled his right foot out, the left sunk to the hip. He threw himself flat on the surface, slowly rolled himself and his gun over to the other side, and climbed out at the rock edge. He scraped the mud from his eyes and crawled to the nearest teepee. It was empty; no fire and no food. Bunn dared not rest, but searched till he found a twine fish-net hanging on a lodge pole. With his knife he whittled some floats out of a fir limb, picked some rocks for sinkers, and dragged himself out to the bay. Thirty birch-bark canoes as light as cork lay at the water's edge. Bunn shoved one into the bay, got in, and flung out a net. In a few minutes he hauled in six big "tunapee."

Bunn did not eat these fish alive. As far as sensation was concerned just then Bunn was a corpse. A corpse has no hunger. It was his brain that Bunn obeyed when he took the fish into the teepee, threw them down on the fir boughs, and looked leisurely around for matches. He found a "musk-a-moot," the leg skins of a caribou sewed into a long pouch by the squaws and used as a camp bag. In the "musk-a-moot" he found a bunch of matches in a wallet of deer-skin. He built a fire, threw the six "tunapee" on the flames to broil in their scales and entrails, and sat down to wait till they were cooked.

The fish began to sizzle in the flames, and the smell filled the teepee. Suddenly at the smell, as though snatched out of a dream by a blow from a hot iron, Bunn felt a rush of hunger. He sprang to the fire and pulled out the fish, seized one, and with the ravenous greed of a wolf sunk his teeth into the three-parts raw body. He ate it all. Another, and another, and yet another, all but the tail. Then the teepee and the fire started to swim around him, and he fell down to vomit.

How long it was before he heard voices outside he does not know. The flap of the teepee waved, and in poked the banded, black-haired head and skin-shirted shoulders of a Yellow Knive boy, a "chilakwe"; he drew back, and Bunn could hear him and others talking excitedly. The flap moved again, and the "chilakwe's" head looked in with staring eyes. He turned and slapped both index fingers on the corners of his mouth for a sign to those behind him that a "huskie" had got into the camp. What they jabbered so infernally about outside the jiggering flap Bunn could not tell. The flap waved again, and this time the "chilakwe's" head looked in along the rusty cylinder of a rifle.

Bunn shook his head and made some mo-

tion to show that he was not a crazy "huskie," but a lost white man full of hunger and sickness. The gun went slowly down, and after more parley four Indian boys came in.

They boiled some fresh caribou and gave him the soup to drink. He vomited that along with the rest of the fish he had eaten. Then he lay half asleep by the fire and let the muskeg mud bake on his half-naked body and face. The Yellow Knives did not wash Bunn. Neither did they give him whisky, for the Yellow Knives have never tasted the white man's liquor. They simply baited him with caribou soup till he went to sleep. Then they left him and went out to fish. Bunn afterwards wrote those Indian boys' names in his note-book, and expects to cherish the record as long as he lives. Here they are: Jockwintee, Akaatsi, Tatso, Wanella. They were the advance guard of the caribou camp come back a day ahead of the old hunters to set nets and catch fish for the dogs.

Bunn stayed in the caribou city four days, till he was able to go out. Then he wanted to go alone to the camp on Dease Bay and find Bell. But the Yellow Knives were kind. A party of them took Bunn in their birch canoes around the bay and down to another empty camp marked on the map. Here they stayed over night, and in the morning paddled on and finally portaged across to the cache on Dease Bay.

When they got there they found one canoe. In it were a fish-hook, ten cartridges, and the following letter:

> I am afraid that this note is thoroughly useless and feel confident that you have long ago gone to another land. We have delayed here over a week, searching for you, and Louis [Tremblee] and Charlie Camsell have scoured the country around where you were last seen, and now I think we must go if we want to get out of this country at all. Should you, however, by any chance yet live, I am leaving the canoe here as a chance for you to get away from the dreadful place, as well as trolling spoons and cartridges. I shall communicate at once, on reaching civilization, with your relatives. I can't understand how ever you could have got away from us.

This was J. M. Bell's letter to his lost companion after he, Camsell, the lost Sanderson, and Tremblee had come together at the cache.

So the Yellow Knives took Bunn back to their camp and began the southerly circuit of the Great Bear to reach Fort Norman. His red-skinned rescuers, for the sake of keeping him in their camps, would have taken him on caribou hunts till the day of his funeral. But Bunn had the Government's papers to bring to Edmonton. He brought them.

AT THE TUNNEL'S END.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THERE was a curious diversity of opinion about Tunnel Three. Barclay, the contractor, who had a little shanty of an office at the top of the shaft, with blue-print plans on the walls and a stove-pipe crooking out of one corner of the roof, said it was a beautiful tunnel. He said it with cheerful confidence to the Committee of Five who had come to investigate. The Five had just dined expansively (with Barclay), and it was with good-humored bravado that they now trusted themselves to the dinky elevator and descended the shaft. Sixty feet below daylight they stepped out on a slimy platform, and Gregson, the underground boss, showed them a moist red tube reaching outward under the river. A row of misty incandescent lights ribbed the tunnel at regular intervals with circlets of brightness, and at the far end they could see a black wall with a closed steel door. For the benefit of the Chairman of the Five, who thought that this wall was the end of the tunnel, Gregson explained that the steel door led into the air-lock, and that for 600 feet beyond stretched the pressure workings. Gregson confined himself strictly to information; he ventured no opinion at all, as became a wise boss in the presence of the contractor. The Five walked down the plank roadway on the floor of the red tube, their heads almost touching the roof, the water dripping on their oil coats, their ears filled with the strange echoes of this underground place.

"You are now under the river," Barclay said; "the water is not twenty-five feet over your heads."

The Five looked at one another.

"Is there any danger?" asked the Chairman.

"Not the slightest," answered Barclay.

A small, cold rivulet dripped down inside the Chairman's collar.

"Let us go up," he said.

Having now nearly reached the steel door of the air-lock, Barclay invited them to enter the pressure workings, where twenty men and a mule were toiling, but the Chairman remembered suddenly that he had a weak heart and couldn't take air-pressure, and the others were certain that, having just dined heartily, it would be very dangerous for them to venture. Barclay looked relieved at this decision; Gregson's face was grim, and he said nothing.

So the Five went up with the hazy impression that tunnels were generally moist and uncomfortable, if not dangerous, and that Mr. Barclay was a remarkably efficient contractor and an accomplished engineer, to say nothing of being a genial good fellow. They reported that the tunnel was a good and perfect tunnel, and referred in complimentary terms to the contractor, thereby relieving the fears of a solicitous public. Not knowing a spreading jack from a pressure nozzle, however, it had not occurred to the Five to inquire why the water roared under the plank roadway on which they had walked, nor why the heavy air shook so constantly with the muffled thunder of great pumps. They had not even seen the half-naked men of the deep workings come out of the air-lock wet from top to toe with blue mud and shivering with cold.

It is a curious fact that the deeper into a tunnel one penetrates the poorer its reputation. The Five had not been permitted to catch so much as a glimpse of Jernigan, the sub-boss, lord of the pressure workings. If Jernigan's opinion of the tunnel had been asked, he would have answered frankly, being an outspoken man:

"She's a thundering geeser."

In the cold ooze at the end of the tunnel, where the truth was, gaunt, half-clad men, with picks and clay plugging balls, said things about the tunnel that would not look well in print, and being men of experience in these things, they spoke with authority. So bad was the reputation of the tunnel among those who knew, that no boss but Jernigan could have kept a crew at work, where every pick thrust was a special invitation to death by drowning.

Jernigan was a man worth knowing. He was the Napoleon of a wet hole in the ground; he had the calm, Napoleonic way of deciding to do a thing and then of doing it, whether or no. It is needless to say that Jernigan was an Irishman, a little Irishman with white eyebrows, face splashed with freckles like a guinea-hen's egg, red hair, hairy hands, an abominable temper, and a prickly wit. He was hard and knotty like a blackthorn stick, and no amount of work, or heat, or cold, or lack of sleep, or air-pressure ever seemed to damper his fires. He drove everything and everybody before him with resistless energy, he was never disheartened, he never let go when once he had taken hold. When he was in good humor, and that was most of the time, he kept all of his men laughing but one, and when he was angry he abused them with force and picturesqueness, though curiously enough he was not given to profanity. From his employers he exacted pay in proportion to his services, which were extensive, and what he made he spent like a lord. For all his temper the contractors sought Jernigan, and men came to him when no other boss could hire them, for he possessed that rare quality of mastery which makes men leaders in the world's affairs. Irishmen, Swedes, "Dagoes," they all flocked to Jernigan when he called, they bore his abuse, laughed at his jokes, worked harder, and risked more for him than for any one else, and ended by admiring him blindly.

When Tunnel Three began to grumble it was beautiful to see Jernigan hold his men in hand. At the first sound of danger there were those who would have gone rushing for the air-lock and safety, but Jernigan, standing there behind them in the roadway, was more terrible than the danger in front. Of all the sounds known to these underground places, there is none quite like the grumbling at a tunnel's end. It comes often with explosive suddenness, like the snapping and rattling of steam in long pipes, though often muffled, and then it is choked off and dies away in a gurgle. And sometimes the sound more resembles a long-drawn wail or whistle, as a man would blow sharply across the mouth of a bottle, this followed with sharp rapping and cracking—and then a gush of muddy water, that makes a man's heart dot and carry one.

And yet, sudden and startling as these sounds at a tunnel's end may be, they are nothing of themselves; their terror lies in their significance; they are the outcries of danger. The tunnel grumbles when it reaches a spot where the earth between it and the water of the river bottom is thin, where there are pockets of quicksand or deeps of thick mud. Its excuse for grumbling

is the best. The heavily compressed air within the tunnel, thus compressed for the main purpose of keeping out water and mud from the tunnel's end, breaks out through the thin earth where the men are working, with a ripping wail, and goes boiling upward to the surface of the river. And when it escapes, the water and thin mud burst in, and if enough air goes out and enough water comes in, it is ninety-nine chances to one that the workers, racing for the air-lock, will be overtaken and drowned with their noses to the roof of the tunnel like rats in a rain barrel.

For 590 feet from the air-lock in Jernigan's working there never was a better behaved tunnel. All the way it ran as straight and shiny as a gun barrel, the men at the end driving their way comfortably through hard sand and clay, with here and there a bowlder, and not a thought of the vessels plying back and forth sixty feet over their heads. Behind came the brickers building the tunnel wall (for the brick tube was always kept complete within a few feet of the tunnel's end), the pipemen with their wrenches, and the electricians adding light after light to the long row at the tunnel roof. Barclay rubbed his hands with glee, thinking of his profits, and Gregson lay by and let Jernigan do the work. It was tunnel building according to the books.

But one day the Swede, Swanson, driving his pick for a shovelful of sand, brought down a cartload. Where the earth lay bare underneath, it glistened with tiny rivulets of water, and presently the sand began to slough down noiselessly, loosening more and more, growing more fluid. All the men sprung to the end of the plank roadway. An Italian who went by the name of Macaroni—for the sake of uniformity—yelled lustily for Jernigan.

"What you squallin' for?" demanded the sub-boss; "it's only a pocket of quicksand."

That was Jernigan's way—"only quicksand"—but it was to be observed that even Jernigan stepped more quickly. The little rivulets became streams, and the blue silty sand spread further out in the tunnel.

Up to that time the air-lock had not been used, but now the men rushed from the deep workings, the inner steel door of the lock was clapped shut, and the compressed air was turned in. With a depth of sixty feet it was necessary to use a pressure of over thirty pounds to the square inch (two atmospheres), in order to make the pressure of air within the tunnel equal to the pressure of earth and water without, thereby tending to keep the soft earth at the tunnel's end from caving in. From a comparatively comfortable place to work in, the tunnel beyond the air-lock became a hot, misty hole, the heavy atmosphere of which was almost certain, sooner or later, to bring paralysis to its victims, with that more terrible air-pressure disease known as the "bends."

"Now, byes," said Jernigan, "we'll swaller air."

Twenty men crowded into the lock, and the outer steel door was closed. Jernigan turned a valve, and the air came hissing in, the men held their noses, blew into their cheeks, swallowed lustily with nothing to swallow, that they might equalize the pressure inside their bodies with that without. Terribly sharp pains shot through their heads, and sometimes it seemed as though their ear-drums must burst. But at last the limit of pressure was reached, and the pain gradually passed away. The door leading to the pressure workings was opened and in they went.

Jernigan's men were all young and sound. None other can bear the strain and fatigue of this most wearing of toil. The tunnel had grown misty, so that the lights shone through haloes of haze, and the compression of the air had generated so much heat that the men began to strip. Jernigan's voice sounded thin and high in the thick air; it was an effort to speak aloud. Paddock, who was an inveterate whistler, could not blow a sound.

"She's stopped slobberin'," remarked Jernigan as they reached the tunnel's end. Most of the men began digging cautiously and shovelling the mud into the tram-cars; Swanson, the Swede, sat at one side and industriously made small round balls of clay, a little larger than croquet balls. It seemed like child's work, and Jernigan kept up a steady stream of raillery at the expense of the big Swede.

Swanson could have put his big flat thumb on Jernigan and smashed him and done with it, for he was so tall he couldn't stand straight on the roadway of the tunnel without hitting his head—a huge hulk of a man, tow-headed, blue-eyed, slow of speech, faithful. He called the sub-boss always "Meester Yernigan"; Jernigan had at least twenty names for him, and not one of them at all complimentary. And yet no dog ever served a master more faithfully than Swanson served the sub-boss.

And, suddenly, as they worked, the tunnel

"HE FELL UNCONSCIOUS IN SWANSON'S ARMS. INSTANTLY THERE CAME THE GURGLING OF ESCAPING AIR, THEN A WILD INRUSHING TORRENT OF MUD AND WATER."

began to grumble, and there was Jernigan barring the passageway to safety like a rock.

"Give it to her, byes," he shouted.

Swanson was already on his feet with his arms full of the clay balls, and he and three of the other men began throwing them swiftly and vigorously at the spot where the air was escaping. Each flattened out near the tunnel rim like a thick corn cake, and when the rattling ceased Swanson sprung into the mud and pummeled the clay into the break. The heavy air in the tunnel helped to hold the patch in place. Then the work went on again, the Italians picking and shoveling, Billy, the tram mule, flapping his long ears, Swanson soberly patting mud pellets, and Jernigan directing everything with cheerful unconcern. Once more during the shift the tunnel grumbled, once more there was a battery of clay balls, and once more the men won the victory against the water.

"Ye're a pretty pitcher, Monty," shouted Jernigan; "why don't you throw over the home plate? Here, Swanson, you Swede, climb up there and paddle."

At the end of three hours of the heavy air and the heavier work the men returned to the air-lock, suffered again the pain of reducing pressure, and went out into free air, wet and shivering with cold. They were taken instantly to a hot room, where they were given quantities of steaming black coffee, and after that they dropped down to sleep. Two shifts a day, three hours or less each, was all these men could stand.

Thus day after day Jernigan kept his crew burrowing, though the tunnel grumbled its displeasure almost constantly, and the earth came down half fluid silt. So much water came in that it ran in a stream under the plank roadway, and the great pumps at the shaft-head worked to full capacity. Once they thought the whole tunnel end was coming in; the water gushed inward, rose rapidly above the roadway, and swirled cold about their feet. Two Italians bolted suddenly from the earth working to escape; even Paddock dropped his shovel. Jernigan stood like a post.

"Get back there!" he roared.

He caught one Italian with a blow on the chin that sent him sprawling into the water; the second paused, and Jernigan leaped at him and drove him headlong against the earth at the tunnel's end.

In the meantime Swanson, in his slow way, was coolly pitching clay balls. Two other

"THERE WAS PRESENTLY JUST ROOM AND AIR BETWEEN THE TOP OF THE TUNNEL AND THE TOP OF THE WATER TO ACCOMMODATE SWANSON'S HEAD—AND JERNIGAN'S, WHICH SWANSON HELD UP."

men, with Jernigan, joined him, and at last, with the water cold about their ankles, they succeeded in stopping the flow. It was after this incident that the Committee of Five came to look at the tunnel, for such things as these leak curiously out to the public, and the Committee, as I have said, found it a good and perfect tunnel, and Mr. Barclay an amiable man. Barclay was no longer congratulating himself. In two weeks the tunnel had not advanced three feet, and it was costing him a small fortune to keep the water down.

And then came the blue Monday. It was at the afternoon shift. The tunnel had been behaving itself with admirable decorum for a day or two, the earth had seemed much harder, and though there was frequent rattling of escaping air—the sound of which had grown so familiar that it brought not a tremor to the men—the gaps were more easily closed. Swanson had accumulated a large stock of clay balls.

"Ye're getting fat and lazy, Swanson," Jernigan said; "the old lady ain't playin' her chunes any more."

But Jernigan spoke too soon. Not ten minutes later one of the Italians sprung back with a shout; he had opened a little pocket of silt near the top and at one side of the tunnel's end. For a moment the soft earth gushed out, then there was the wailing sound of escaping air. Instantly Swanson drove a clay ball into the hole, but instead of remaining there, it disappeared at once, being driven upward by the escaping air. Other balls followed in like manner; the air was going fast. Half the crew were throwing the clay, but it either went out of sight or sloughed down with the incoming mud. Then of a sudden in gushed a torrent of water as big as a man's leg. Jernigan rang for more air pressure, and the men redoubled their efforts, but all to no avail. Suddenly, while Jernigan himself was working at the breech, the Italians bolted. Jernigan yelled at them, but they were desperately frightened and ran at the top of their speed for the air-lock. The other men paused undecided for an instant, and then they, too, followed. It seemed certain death to remain with that stream of water pouring into the tunnel. It would require only a moment to wear a larger hole, and then the whole river would be in on them—and there was nearly 600 feet of running to the air-lock and safety.

Jernigan looked around. Only Swanson was left, calmly yet swiftly gathering up more clay balls.

For an instant the two men looked at each other. Jernigan had promised to see the work through, and see it through he would, water or no water. Swanson saw him spring suddenly up on the low earth bank which the men used when working around the upper rim of the tunnel. He turned swiftly and braced himself into the mud of the tunnel's end, driving his body into the pocket of quicksand.

"Here, Swanson, plug me in," he ordered.

Swanson brought clay balls and drove them into the mud around Jernigan's body. "She's comin' fast, Meester Yernigan," he observed. The water poured out everywhere around him, and when the clay began to stop its course, the pressure was so great on Jernigan's back that Swanson was compelled to push against him and hold him in with one of his huge hands, while with the other he plugged away with the clay.

"Give it to her, Swanson," said Jernigan, cheerfully, although his face was twisted with the pain of his position. Swanson worked furiously, with the water rising about his legs. The other workmen were already safe in the air-lock. The dim tunnel seemed like a long pathway of water, for the roadway was now completely covered. For a time it seemed an even chance against the incoming water, then with Swanson's clay and the increasing air-pressure the flow slowly lessened.

"We're beating her," observed the sub-boss.

Swanson removed his hand from Jernigan's body, for the air pressure now supported him firmly in place. More clay was brought and plugged in around Jernigan's body, and presently the tunnel no longer grumbled.

"Now, Swanson," said Jernigan, "you go up and get those men out here." He said other things about his crew, not necessary to set down in this place.

Swanson started promptly, but he had not gone far when he heard Jernigan shout. He turned and saw the sub-boss spread out his arms and begin to struggle. The big Swede ran stooping through the water. He saw instantly what the matter was. The air pressure was driving Jernigan bodily into the soft mud. Already his body had nearly disappeared. His head rested against the rim of the tunnel, and he was grasping desperately to hold himself inside. His face was white and he could not speak. Swanson seized him by the collar; his shirt tore away. Then

the great Swede took hold of his arms and drew him from the engulfing mud by main force. He fell unconscious in Swanson's arms. Instantly there came the gurgling of escaping air, then a wild inrushing torrent of mud and water.

Swanson ran, at first with the sub-boss in his arms, the water surging about his legs. But he was soon so hampered that he drew Jernigan's shoulders under his arm, and then rushed on again, dragging his burden. The heavy air roared in his ears, and he choked with the thumping of his heart. He had already been under pressure longer than the usual time. And still he waded, the water now up to his waist. He held Jernigan's head above the flood.

Thus he came to the air-lock and pounded on the steel door. He knew that there was not one chance in a thousand that any one would dare to open it, for the water was already above the upper frame. There, too, had come Billy, the tunnel-mule, dragging his empty car behind him. He had not hurried, though he realized that something was wrong, and he now stood with quiet patience, his nose close-pressed to the steel door; it had always opened to him before; he had faith to believe it would open now. Although sore pressed, Swanson stroked the mule's rough neck, then bent his shoulder into the water and unhooked the harness traces. He felt that there was no chance for any of them, but he wanted to give Billy an equal opportunity to fight for his life. There was presently just room and air between the top of the tunnel and the top of the water to accommodate Swanson's head —and Jernigan's, which Swanson held up. Swanson could see the long row of electric lights gleaming on the muddy flood; they were at the highest point in the tunnel, and the water had not yet reached them. Again he knocked on the wall, and some one knocked in reply. Swanson fancied there were voices, but he could not make out what was said, for the buzzing in his ears, but the door did not open. A few feet away the soft, gray nose of Billy the mule rose above the water. Swanson reached out and touched it with dripping fingers. There was a beseeching look in the dumb eyes, as if the mule knew that he could not last much longer. Swanson said nothing. There was a strange likeness between the man and the brute; both were slow, dull, powerful of body, with the patience that outwears suffering, and the dumb, uncomplaining faith which goes down to death without a quiver. Neither made an outcry; having done all that was possible, they waited. Swanson's eyes presently began to fail him, the lights grew dim, but he still held Jernigan's head above the water.

All this time the great pumps above ground were drawing to their utmost on the flood, and the engines were driving compressed air into the deep workings, though those outside had little hope of rescuing the entombed men. And yet, what human hands were so weak in doing, blind circumstance had already accomplished, for the terrific inrush of water at the tunnel's end had brought with it great quantities of sand, clay, and bowlders, which soon filled the tunnel for many feet, and finally choked the break, so that water could no longer enter. The tunnel had overreached itself in its treachery, and now, slowly, the pumps and the compressors began to lower the flood within the pressure workings. Swanson was dimly conscious of the change. He felt the water, which was icy cold to his half-naked body, leave his shoulders, then creep down his breast. He was leaning now against the wall, still holding Jernigan up. Presently, though he fought against it, he sank to his knees, and thus they found him, with the mule's gray nose resting on his shoulder. They dragged the two men into the air-lock, followed by a rush of water. Both were unconscious. Billy tried to follow, but they pushed him back, and when the door was closed he still stood there patiently, waiting with faith the rough kindness of his masters. He had known all along that the door some way, some time, would open; had it not always opened before?

Jernigan came to himself first in the hot room. He was not able to get up, but he rolled over, and when Swanson opened his eyes he said, in strange contrast to his usual comments:

"You're a good man, Swanson."

And Swanson looked up at him like a dumb, wounded animal.

They forced Swanson to his feet, dosed him with black coffee, and walked him up and down the room, though he groaned with pain and begged them to let him sleep.

Then Barclay came and swore about the water, and, upon consideration, gave Jernigan fifty dollars and Swanson ten, with the express condition that there should be no talking to reporters. And two weeks later Jernigan and Swanson again went into that black hole of death, for their calling was danger without expectation of reward for meeting it.

THE SHADOW OF A TRAGEDY

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

MISS LIZZIE kept in.

The ways of teachers, like rainy days and growing pains, belong to the inexplicable and inevitable. All teachers have ways. That is to be expected. It is the part of an Emmy Lou to adjust herself to meet, not to try to understand, these ways.

Miss Lizzie kept in. But that was only one of Miss Lizzie's ways. She had many ways. Perhaps these ways were no more peculiar than the ways of her predecessors, but they were more alarming.

Miss Lizzie placed a deliberate hand on her call bell, and, as its vibrations dinged and smote upon the shrinking tympanum, a rigid and breathless expectancy would pervade the silence of the Fourth Reader room.

Miss Lizzie was tall. Miss Lizzie seemed to tower up and over one's personality. One had no mind of one's own. One said what one thought Miss Lizzie wanted one to say. Sometimes one got it wrong. Then Miss Lizzie's cold up-and-down survey smote one into a condition something akin to vacuity, until Miss Lizzie said briefly, "Sit down."

Then one sat down hastily.

Miss Lizzie never wasted a word. Miss Lizzie closed her lips. She closed them so their lines were blue. Miss Lizzie's eyes were blue, too; but not a pleasant blue. Miss Lizzie did not scold. Miss Lizzie looked. Miss Lizzie kept looking until one became aware of an elbow resting on the desk. In Miss Lizzie's room little girls must sit erect.

Sometimes Miss Lizzie changed. It came suddenly. One day it came suddenly, and Miss Lizzie boxed the little girl's ears. The little girl had knocked over a pile of slates collected on the platform for marking.

Another time Miss Lizzie changed. It was when the little girl brought a note from home because her ears were boxed. Miss Lizzie tore the note in pieces and threw them on the floor.

One lived in dread of Miss Lizzie's changing. One watched Miss Lizzie in order to

know the thing Miss Lizzie wanted. Emmy Lou knew every characteristic feature of Miss Lizzie's face—the lean nose that bent toward the cheek, the thin lips that tightened and relaxed, the cold survey that traveled from desk to desk.

Miss Lizzie's thin hands were never still any more than were Miss Lizzie's eyes. Most often Miss Lizzie's fingers tore bits of paper into fine shreds while she heard lessons.

Life is strenuous. In each Reader the strenuousness had taken a different form. In the Fourth Reader it was Copy-Books.

Miss Lizzie always took an honor in Copy-Books. Miss Lizzie meant to take an honor this year. But the road to fame is laborious.

Miss Lizzie had her methods. Each morning she gave out four slips of paper to each little girl. This was trial-paper. On these slips each little girl practised until the result was good enough, in Miss Lizzie's opinion, to go into the book. Some lines must be fine and hair-like. Over these one held one's breath anxiously. Others must be heavy and labored. Over these one unconsciously put the tip of one's tongue between one's teeth until it was just visible between one's lips.

What, however, is school for but the accommodating of self to the changing demands of teachers? In the Fourth Reader it was fine lines on the upward strokes and heavy lines on the downward.

Emmy Lou finally found the way. By turning the pen over and writing with the back of the point, the upward strokes emerged fine and hair-like. This having somewhat altered the mechanism of the pen point, its reversal brought lines somber and heavy. It was slow and laborious, and it spoiled an alarming number of pen points; but then it achieved fine lines upward and heavy lines downward, and that is what Copy-Books are for.

Hattie reached the result differently. Hattie kept two bottles of ink, one for fine and one for heavy lines. One was watered ink and one was not.

The trouble was about the trial-paper. One could have only four pieces. And the copy could go in the book only after the writing on the trial-paper met with the approval of Miss Lizzie. So if one reached the end of the trial-paper before reaching approval, one was kept in; for a half page of Copy-Book must be done each day. And "kept in" meant staying after school, in hunger, disgrace, and the silence of a great, deserted building, to write on trial-paper until the copy was good enough to be put in.

Emmy Lou did not sit with Hattie in the Fourth Reader. On the first day Miss Lizzie asked the class if there was any desk-mate a little girl preferred. At that one's heart opened and one told Miss Lizzie.

At first Emmy Lou did not understand. For Miss Lizzie promptly seated all the would-be mates as far apart as possible.

Emmy Lou thought about it. *It seemed as though Miss Lizzie did it to be mean.*

Then Emmy Lou's cheeks grew hot. She put the thought quickly away that she might forget it; but the wedge was entered. Teachers were no longer *infallible*. Emmy Lou had questioned the motives of pedagogic deism.

And so Emmy Lou and Hattie were separated. But there were three new little girls near Emmy Lou. Their kid button-shoes had tassels. Very few little girls had button-shoes. Button-shoes were new. Emmy Lou had button-shoes. She was proud of them. But they did not have tassels.

The three new little girls looked amused at everything, and exchanged glances; but they were not mean glances—not the kind of glances when little girls nudge each other and go off to whisper. Emmy Lou liked the new little girls. She could not keep from looking at them. They spread their skirts so easily when they sat down. There was something alluring about the little girls.

At recess Emmy Lou waited near the door for the little girls. They all went out together. After that they were friends. They lived on Emmy Lou's square. It was strange. But they had just come there to live. That explained it.

"In the white house, the white house with the big yard," the tallest of the little girls explained. She was Alice. The others were her cousins. They were Rosalie and Amanthus. Such charming names!

Emmy Lou was glad that she lived in the other white house on the square with the next biggest yard. She never had thought of it before, but now she was glad.

Alice talked, and Amanthus shook her curls back off her shoulders. And Rosalie wore a little blue locket hung on a gold chain. And Rosalie laughed.

"Is n't it funny and dear?" asked Alice.

"What?" said Emmy Lou.

"The public school," said Alice.

"Is it?" said Emmy Lou.

And then they all laughed, and they hugged Emmy Lou, these three fluttering butterflies. And they told Emmy Lou she was funny and dear also.

"We've never been before," said Alice.

"But we are too far from the other school now," said Rosalie.

"It was private school," said Amanthus.

"And this is public school," said Alice.

"It's very different," said Amanthus.

"Oh, very," said Rosalie.

Emmy Lou went and brought Hattie to know the little girls. All the year Emmy Lou was bringing Hattie to know the little girls. But Hattie did not seem to like the little girls as Emmy Lou did. She seemed to prefer Sadie when she could not have Emmy Lou alone. Hattie liked to lead. She could lead Sadie. Generally she could lead Emmy Lou ; not always.

But all the while slowly a conviction was taking hold in Emmy Lou's mind. It was a conviction concerning Miss Lizzie.

Near Emmy Lou in the Fourth Reader room sat a little girl named Lisa—Lisa Schmit. Once Emmy Lou had seen Lisa in a doorway—a store doorway hung with festoons of linked sausage. Lisa had told Emmy Lou it was her papa's grocery store.

One day the air of the Fourth Reader room seemed unpleasantly freighted. As the stove grew hotter, the unpleasantness grew assertive.

Forty little girls were bending over their slates. It was Problems. It had been Digits, Integral Numbers, Tables, Rudiments, according to the teacher, in one's upward course from the Primer. Now it was Problems. But in its nature it was always the same, as complicated as in its name it was varied.

The air was most unpleasant. It took the mind off the finding of the Greatest Common Divisor.

The call bell on Miss Lizzie's desk dinged. The suddenness and the emphasis of the ding told on unexpected nerves, but it brought the Fourth Reader class up erect.

Miss Lizzie was about to speak. Emmy Lou watched Miss Lizzie's lips open. Emmy Lou often found herself watching Miss Lizzie's lips open. It took an actual, deliberate space of time. They opened, moistened themselves, then shaped the word.

"Who in this room has lunch ?" said Miss Lizzie. Miss Lizzie's tones hurt. It was as though one were doing wrong in having lunch.

Many hands were raised. There were luncheons in nearly every desk.

"File by the platform in order, bringing your lunch," said Miss Lizzie.

Feeling apprehensively criminal—of what, however, she had no idea—Emmy Lou went into line, lunch in hand. One's luncheon might be all that it should, neatly pinned in a fringed napkin by Aunt Cordelia, but one felt embarrassed carrying it up. Some were in newspaper. Emmy Lou's heart ached for those.

Meanwhile Miss Lizzie bent and deliberately smelled of each package in turn as the little girls filed by. Most of the faces of the little girls were red.

Then came Lisa—Lisa Schmit. Lisa's lunch was in paper—heavy brown paper.

Miss Lizzie smelled of Lisa's lunch and stopped the line.

"Open it," said Miss Lizzie.

Lisa rested it on the edge of the platform and

"'*File by the platform in order, bringing your lunch.*'"

untied it. The unpleasantness wafted forth heavily. There was sausage, and dark, gray bread, and cheese. It was the cheese that was unpleasant.

Miss Lizzie's nose, which bent slightly toward her cheek, had a way of dilating. It dilated now.

"Go open the stove door," said Miss Lizzie.

Lisa went and opened the stove door.

"Now, take it and put it in," said Miss Lizzie.

Lisa took her lunch and put it in. Lisa's round, soap-scoured little cheeks had turned a mottled red. When she got back to her seat, Lisa's head went down on her arms on the desk, and presently even Lisa's yellow plaits shook with the convulsiveness of Lisa's sobs.

It wasn't the loss of the sausage or the bread or the cheese. Emmy Lou was a big girl now and Emmy Lou knew.

Emmy Lou went home. It was at the dinner table.

"I don't like Miss Lizzie," said Emmy Lou.

Aunt Cordelia was incredulous, scandalized. "You mustn't talk so."

"Little girls must not know what they like," said Aunt Louise. Aunt Louise was apt to be sententious. Aunt Louise was young.

"Except in puddings," said Uncle Charlie, passing Emmy Lou's saucer. There was pudding for dinner.

But wrong or not, Emmy Lou knew that it was so. Emmy Lou knew she did not like Miss Lizzie.

One morning Miss Lizzie forgot the package of trial-paper. The supply was out.

Miss Lizzie called Rosalie. Then she called Emmy Lou. She told them where her house was. She told them to go there. She told them to ring the bell, ask for the paper, and return.

It seemed strange and unreal to be walking the streets in school time. Rosalie skipped. So Emmy Lou skipped, too. Miss Lizzie lived seven squares away. It was a cottage—a little cottage. On one side, its high board fence ran along an alley, but on the other side was a big yard. The yard had trees and bushes. The cottage was almost hidden. It seemed strange and far off.

Rosalie rang the bell. Then Emmy Lou rang the bell.

Nobody came.

They kept on ringing the bell. They did not know what to do. They were afraid to go back and tell Miss Lizzie.

So they went around the side. It was a narrow, paved court between the house and the high board fence. It was dark. They held each other's hands.

There was a window. Some one tapped. It was a lady—a pretty lady. There was a flower in her hair—an artificial flower. She nodded to them. She smiled. She laughed. Then she put her finger on her lips. Emmy Lou and Rosalie did not know what to do.

The lady pointed to her throat and then to Rosalie. It seemed as if it were the blue locket on the golden chain she wanted.

Then some one came. It was an old woman. It was the servant Miss Lizzie had said would come to the door. She came from the front. She had been away somewhere.

She looked cross. She told them to go around to the front door. As they went the lady tapped. Rosalie looked back. Rosalie said the lady had pulled the flower from her hair and was tearing it to pieces.

The old woman brought the trial-paper. She told them not to mention coming around in the court. She told them not to say they had had to wait.

It was strange. But many things are strange when one is ten. One learns to put many strange things aside.

There were more worrisome things nearer to one. The screw was loose which secured the iron foot of Emmy Lou's desk to the floor. Now the front of one desk formed the seat to the next desk.

Muscles, even in the atmosphere of a Miss Lizzie's rigid discipline, sometimes rebel. The little girl sitting in front of Emmy Lou was given to spasmodic changes of posture, causing unexpected upheavals of Emmy Lou's desk.

On one of these occasions Emmy Lou's ink bottle went over. It was Copy-Book hour. That one's apron, beautiful with much fine ruffling, should be ruined, was a small matter when one's trial-paper had been straight in the path of the flood. Neither was Emmy Lou's condition of digital helplessness to be thought of, although it did seem as if all great Neptune's ocean and more might be needed to make those little fingers white again. Sponges, slate rags, and neighborly solicitude did what they could. But the trial-paper was steeped indelibly past redemption.

Still not a word from Miss Lizzie. Only a cold and prolonged survey of the scene.

Only an entire suspension of action in the Fourth Reader room while Miss Lizzie waited.

At last Emmy Lou was ready to resume work. She raised a timid and deep-dyed hand. She made known her need.

"Please, I have no trial-paper."

Miss Lizzie's lips unclosed. Had Miss Lizzie waited for this? "Then," said Miss Lizzie, "you will stay after school."

Emmy Lou's heart burned. The color slowly left Emmy Lou's cheeks.

It was something besides Emmy Lou that looked straight out of Emmy Lou's eyes at Miss Lizzie. It was Judgment. *Miss Lizzie was not fair.*

"She raised a timid and deep-dyed hand."

Emmy Lou did not reach home until dinner was long over. She had first to cover four slips of trial-paper and half a page in her book with upward strokes fine and hair-like, and downward strokes black and heavy. Emmy Lou ate her dinner alone.

At supper Emmy Lou spoke. Emmy Lou generally spoke conclusions and, unless pressed, did not enter into the processes of her reasoning.

"I don't want to go to school any more."

Aunt Cordelia looked shocked. Aunt Louise looked stern. Uncle Charlie looked at Emmy Lou.

"That sounds more natural," said Uncle Charlie. But nobody listened.

"She's been missing," said Aunt Louise.

"She's growing too fast," said Aunt Cordelia, who had just been ripping two tucks out of Emmy Lou's last-winter dress; "she can't be well."

So Emmy Lou was taken to the doctor. The doctor gave Emmy Lou a tonic.

And following this, Emmy Lou all at once regained her usual cheerful little state of mind, and expressed no more unwillingness to go to school.

But it was not the tonic.

It was the Green and Gold Book.

Rosalie brought it. It belonged to her and to Alice and to Amanthus.

They lent it to Emmy Lou.

And the glamour opened and closed about Emmy Lou, and she knew—she knew it all—why the hair of Amanthus gleamed, why Alice flitted where others walked, why laughter dwelt in the cheek of Rosalie. The glamour opened and closed about Emmy Lou, and she and Rosalie and Alice and Amanthus moved in a world of their own—the world of the Green and Gold Book.

For the Green and Gold Book was "The Book of Fairy Tales."

The strange, the inexplicable, the meaningless, that hitherto one had thought the real—teachers, problems, such—they became the outer world, the things of small matter.

One loved the far corner of the sofa now, with the book in one's lap, with one's hair falling about one's face and book, shutting out the unreal world and its people.

The real world lay between the covers of the Green and Gold Book—the real world and its people.

And the Princess was always Rosalie, and the Prince—ah! the Prince was the Prince. One had met one's Rosalie, but not yet the Prince.

One could not talk of these things except to Rosalie. Hattie would not understand. One was glad when Rosalie told them to Alice and Amanthus, but one could not oneself.

And Miss Lizzie? Miss Lizzie had stepped all at once into her proper place. One had not understood before. One would not want Miss Lizzie different. It was right and natural to Miss Lizzie's condition—which condition varied according to the page in the Book. For Miss Lizzie was the Cruel Stepmother. Miss Lizzie was the Wicked Fairy Godmother. Miss Lizzie was the Ogress, the wife of the terrible giant.

One told Rosalie. But Rosalie went even further. Miss Lizzie was the grim and terrible Ogress who dwelt in her lonely castle. True. The schoolhouse was the castle of the Ogress. And the forty little girls in the Fourth Reader were the captives—the captive Princesses—kept by Miss Lizzie until certain tasks were performed.

One looked at Problems differently now. One saw Copy-Books through a glamour.

They were tasks, and each task done, the nearer release from Miss Lizzie.

Did one fail—?

Emmy Lou held her breath. Rosalie spoke softly. "The lady at the window—her finger at her lips—she had failed—"

Miss Lizzie was the Ogress, and the lady was the Princess—the captive Princess—waiting at the window for release.

And so one played one's part. And so Emmy Lou and Rosalie moved and lived and dreamed in the glamour and the world of the Green and Gold Book.

It stayed in one's desk—sometimes with Alice, or with Amanthus, sometimes with Rosalie. To-day it was with Emmy Lou.

One never read in school. But at recess, on the steps outside the big door, one read aloud in turn while the others ate their apples. And Hattie came too, when she liked, and Sadie. But one carried the book home, that one might not be parted from it.

To-day it was with Emmy Lou. It had certain treasures between its leaves. One expects to find faint sweet rose leaves between the pages of the Green and Gold Book. And the scrap of tinsel recalls the gleam and shimmer of the goose girl's ball-dress of woven moonbeams.

To-day the book was in Emmy Lou's desk.

Emmy Lou was at the board. It was Problems. She did not need a book. Miss Lizzie dictated when one was at the board. Emmy Lou was poor at Problems. Miss Lizzie was cross about it.

Sadie, at her desk, needed a book. Sadie had forgotten her Arithmetic. Sadie asked permission to borrow Emmy Lou's.

Sadie went to get it. Sadie pulled it out. Sadie had a way of being unfortunate. She also pulled another book out. It fell open on the floor. It shed rose leaves and tinsel.

"One loved the far corner of the sofa."

The green and gold glitter of the book caught Miss Lizzie's eye.

Miss Lizzie's fingers had been tearing at bits of paper all morning. Miss Lizzie's desk was strewn with bits of paper.

"Bring it to me," said Miss Lizzie.

Miss Lizzie took the book from Sadie. Miss Lizzie looked at the book. Emmy Lou had just failed quite miserably at Problems. Miss Lizzie's face changed. It was as if a white rage passed over Miss Lizzie's face. Miss Lizzie stepped to the stove and cast the book in.

The very flames turned green and gold.

It was gone—the world of glamour, of glory, of dreams—the world of Emmy Lou and Rosalie, of Alice and Amanthus.

It was not Emmy Lou. It was a cry through Emmy Lou. Emmy Lou was just beginning to grow tall, just losing the round-eyed faith of babyhood.

"*You hadn't any right.*"

It was terrible. The Fourth Reader class failed to breathe.

Emmy Lou must say she was sorry. Emmy Lou would not.

The hours of school dragged on. Emmy Lou sat silent.

Rosalie looked at her. Laughter had died in Rosalie's cheek. Rosalie pressed her fingers tight in misery for Emmy Lou.

Sadie looked at Emmy Lou. Sadie wept.

Hattie looked at Emmy Lou. Hattie straightened her straight little back and ground her little teeth. Hattie was of that blood which has risen up and slain for affection's sake.

This was an Emmy Lou nobody knew—white-cheeked, brooding, defiant. There are strange potentialities in every Emmy Lou.

The last bell rang.

Emmy Lou must say she was sorry. Emmy Lou would not.

Every one went—every one but Emmy Lou and Miss Lizzie—casting backward looks of awe and commiseration.

To be left alone in that nearness solitude entails, meant torture, the torture of loathing, of shrinking, of revulsion.

Emmy Lou must say she was sorry. Emmy Lou was not sorry.

Emmy Lou sat dry-eyed. The tears would come later. More than once this year they had come after home and Aunt Cordelia's arms were reached. And Aunt Cordelia had thought it was because one was growing too fast. And Aunt Cordelia had rocked and patted and sung about "The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go."

And then Emmy Lou had laughed, because Aunt Cordelia did not know that The Frog and Jenny Wren and The Little Wee Bear were gone into the past, and The Green and Gold Book come to take their place.

The bell had rung at two o'clock. At three Tom came. Tom was the house boy. Tom was suave and saddle-colored and smiling. Tom had come for Emmy Lou.

Miss Lizzie looked at Emmy Lou. Emmy Lou looked straight ahead.

Then Miss Lizzie looked at Tom. Miss Lizzie could do a good deal with a look. Tom became uneasy, apologetic, guilty. Then Tom went. It took a good deal to wilt Tom.

At half-past three Tom knocked at the door again. He gave his message from outside the threshold this time. Emmy Lou must come home. Miss Cordelia said so. Emmy Lou's papa had come.

Emmy Lou heard. Papa, who came a hundred miles once a month, to see her.

Would Emmy Lou say she was sorry? Emmy Lou was not sorry, she could not.

Miss Lizzie shut the door in Tom's face.

Later Aunt Cordelia, bonnet on, returning from the school, explained to her brother-in-law.

Her brother-in-law regarded her thoughtfully through his eye-glasses. Her brother-in-law was an editor. He had a mental habit of classifying people while they talked, and putting them away in pigeon-holes. While Aunt Cordelia talked he was putting her in a pigeon-hole marked "Guileless."

"She stood on the outside of the door, Brother Richard," said Aunt Cordelia, quite flushed and breathless, "with the door drawn to behind her. She's a terrifying woman, Richard. She said it was a case for discipline. She said she would allow no interference. My precious baby! And I kept on giving her iron——"

Uncle Charlie had come out with the buggy to take his brother-in-law driving.

"What did you come back without her for?" demanded Uncle Charlie.

Aunt Cordelia turned on Uncle Charlie. "You go and see why," said Aunt Cordelia.

Truly an Aunt Cordelia is the last one to stand before a Miss Lizzie.

Uncle Charlie took his brother-in-law in the buggy, and they drove to the school. Emmy Lou's father went in.

Uncle Charlie sat in the buggy and waited. Uncle Charlie wondered if it was right. Miss Lizzie was one of three. One was in an asylum. One was kept at home. And Miss Lizzie, with her rages, taught.

But could one speak, and take work and bread from a Miss Lizzie?

When papa came down, he had Emmy Lou, white-cheeked, by the hand. He had also a sternness about his mouth.

"I got her, you see," he explained with an assumption of comical chagrin, "but with limitations. She's got to say she's sorry, or she can't come back."

"I'm not sorry," said Emmy Lou wearily, but with steadiness.

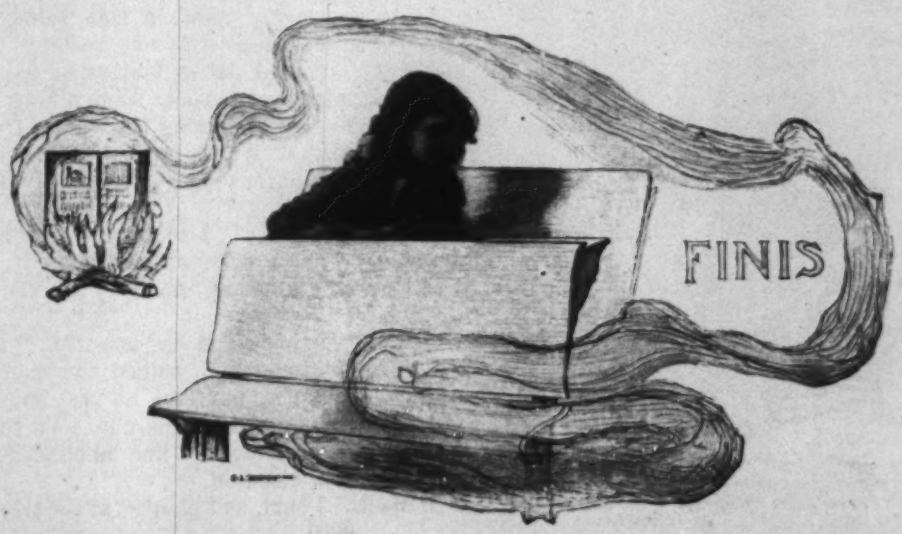
"Stick it out," said Uncle Charlie, who knew his Emmy Lou.

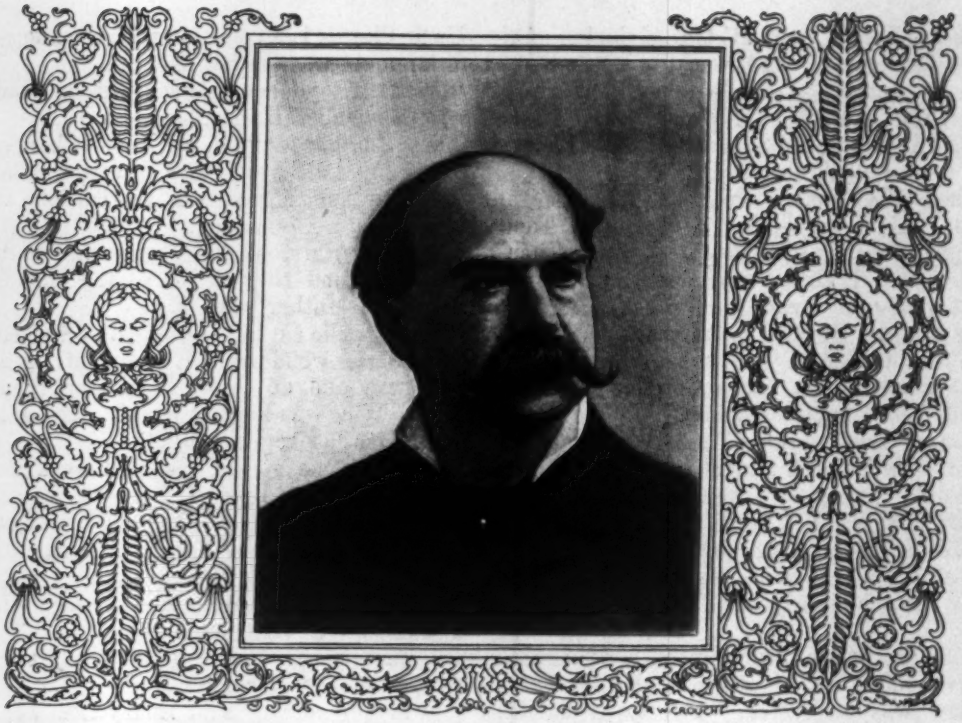
"She needn't go back this year," said Aunt Cordelia when she heard, "my precious baby!"

"I will teach her at home," said Aunt Louise.

"There must be other Green and Gold Books," said papa, "growing on that same tree."

But Uncle Charlie, with brows drawn into a frown, was wondering.





TOMMASO SALVINI.

By Clara Morris,
Author of "Life on the Stage."

CLARA MORRIS.
From a photograph taken in 1883, on the same date as the above photograph of Salvini.

IT is not often, I fancy, that one defends one's hero or friend from himself. Yet that about describes what I am doing now for the famous Salvini. An acquaintance of mine, a man self-contained and dignified, who was reading the other day, startled me by muttering aloud, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" and a moment later, flinging the volume from him, he cried, "Where were his friends? Why did they permit him to write of himself?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed in bewilderment, "where were whose friends? Of whom are you speaking, and why are you so excited?"

"Oh," he answered impatiently, "it's the disappointment! I judged the man by his splendid work; but look at that book—the personal pronoun forms one solid third of it. I know it does!" and he handed me the volume in question.

"Well," I said, as I glanced at the title—

"Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini"—"no matter what the book may say, Tommaso Salvini is a mighty actor." And then I began to read. At first I was a bit taken aback. I had thought Mr. Macready considered himself pretty favorably—had made a heavy demand on the I's and my's in his book, but the bouquets he presented to himself were modest little nosegays when compared with the gorgeous floral set pieces provided ad libitum for "Signor Salvini" by Signor Salvini.

Then presently I began to smile at the open honesty of this self-appreciation, at the naïve admiration he expresses for his figure, his voice, his power. "After all," I said, "when the whole civilized world has for years and years affirmed and reaffirmed that he is the greatest actor living, is it strange that he should come to believe the world?"

"But," growled my friend, "why could he not be content with the world's statement? Why had he no reticence? Look at these declarations: that no words can describe his power, that everybody wished to know him, that everybody wished to claim his friendship, that everybody made it his boast to be seen in his company, etc."

"Well," I answered, "you certainly cannot doubt the truth of the assertions. I believe every one of them. You see, you are not making any allowance for temperament or early environment. Those who are humbly born in a kingdom are lifted by a monarch's praise to the very pinnacle of pride and joy and superiority. Think of the compliments paid this man by royalty. Think, too, of his hot blood, his quick imagination. You can't expect calm self-restraint from him; and just let me tell you, for your comfort, that this 'book Salvini' is utterly unlike the kindly gentleman who is the real, every-day Salvini."

My friend looked at me a moment, then shaking hands he added gravely, "Thank you. The great actor goes upon his pedestal again, to my own satisfaction; but—but—I don't think I care for this book. I'll wait till some one else tells of his triumphs and his gifts," and laying it upon the table he took his departure.

It is astonishing what a misleading portrait Signor Salvini has drawn of himself. I worked with him, and I found him a gentleman of modest, even retiring, disposition and most courtly manners. He was remarkably patient at the long rehearsals which were so trying to him because his company spoke a language he could not understand.

The love of acting and the love of saving were veritable passions with him, and many were the amusing stories told of his economies; but, in spite of his personal frugality, he was generous in the extreme to his dear ones.

When I had got over my first amazement at receiving a proposal to act with the great Italian, Mr. Chizzola, his manager, stated terms and hastened to say that a way had been found by which the two names could be presented without either taking preference of the other on the bill, and that the type would of course be the same in both—questions I should never have given a thought to, but over which my manager stood ready to shed his heart's blood. And when I said that I should willingly have gone on the bills as "supporting Signor Salvini," I thought he was going to rend his garments, and he indignantly declared that such talk was nothing less than heresy when coming from a securely established star.

At one of our rehearsals for the "Morte Civile," a small incident occurred that will show how gracious Signor Salvini could be. Most stars, having the "business" of their play once settled upon, seem to think it veritable sacrilege to alter it, no matter how good the reason for an alteration, and a suggestion offered to a star is generally considered an impertinence. In studying my part of *Rosalia*, the convict's wife, a very pretty bit of "business" occurred to my mind. I was to wear the black cross so commonly seen on the breast of the Roman peasant women, and once at an outbreak of *Conrad's* I thought if I raised that cross without speaking, and he drooped before it, it would be effective and quite appropriate, as he was supposed to be superstitiously devout. I mentioned it to young Salvini, who cried eagerly, "Did you tell my father—did he see it?"

"Good heavens!" I answered, "do you suppose I would presume to suggest 'business' to a Salvini? Besides, could anything new be found for him in a play he has acted for twenty years? No, I have not told your father, nor do I intend to take such a liberty."

But next morning, when we came to that scene, Signor Salvini held up his hand for a halt in the rehearsal, called for Alessandro, and, bidding him act as interpreter, said, smiling pleasantly, to me, "Now zee i-dee please you, madame?" for young Alessandro had betrayed my confidence. There was a mocking sparkle in Salvini's blue eyes, but

he was politely ready to hear and reject "zee i-dee." I felt hot and embarrassed, but I stood by my guns, and placing Alessandro in the chair, I made him represent *Conrad*, and when he came to the furious outburst, I swiftly lifted the cross and held it before his eyes till his head sank upon my breast. But in a twinkling, with the cry, "No—no! I show!" Salvini plucked Alessandro out of the seat, flung himself into it, resumed the scene, and as I lifted the cross before his convulsed features, his breath halted, slowly he lifted his face, when, divining his meaning, I pressed the cross gently upon his trembling lips, and with a sob his head fell weakly upon my breast. It was beautifully done; even the actors were moved. Then he spoke rapidly to his son, who translated to me thus: "How have I missed this 'business' all these years? It is good—we will keep it always—tell madame that." And so courteously and without offense this greatest of actors accepted a suggestion from a newcomer in his play.

A certain English actor who had been with him two or three seasons made a curious little mistake night after night, season after season, and no one seemed to heed it. Of course Salvini, not speaking English, could not be expected to detect the error. Where the venomous priest should humbly bow himself out with the veiled threat, "This may yet end in a trial—and—conviction!" the actor invariably said, "This may yet end in a trial of convictions!" Barely three nights had passed when Signor Salvini said to his son, "Why does Miss Morris smile at that man's exit? It is not funny. Ask why she smiles." And he was greatly put out with his actor when he learned the cause of my amusement. A very observant man, you see.

He is a thinking actor—he knows *why* he does a thing, and he used to be very intolerant of some of the old-school "tricks of the trade." Mind, when I was acting with him, he had come to understand fairly well the English of our ordinary, every-day vocabulary, and if he was quite calm and not on exhibition in any way, he could speak it a little and quite to the point, as you will see. He particularly disliked the old, old trick called "taking the stage"—that is, when a good speech has been made, the actor at its end crosses the stage, changing his position for no reason on earth save to add to his own importance. It seemed Salvini had tried through his stage manager to break up the wretched habit, but one morning he saw an actor end his speech at the center of the stage, and march in front of every one to the extreme right-hand corner. A curl came to the great actor's lip, then he said inquiringly, "What for?" The actor stammered, "I—I—it's my cross, you know—the end of my speech." "Y-e-es," sweetly acquiesced the star. "Y-e-es, you cross, I see—but what for?" The actor hesitated. "You do *so*," went on Salvini, giving a merciless imitation of the swelling chest and stage stride of the guilty one, as he had crossed from center down to extreme right. "You do so—but for *why?* A-a-ah!" Suddenly he seemed to catch an idea. "A-a-ah! is it that you have zee business with zee people in zee box? A-a-ah! you come spik to zose people? No? Not for that you come? You have *no* reason for come here, you say? Then, for God's sake, stay center till you *have* a reason!"

It was an awful lesson, but what delicious acting. The simple, earnest inquiry; the delighted catching at an idea; the following disappointment; and the final outburst of indignant authority—he never did anything better for the public.

During the short time we acted together but one cloud, a tiny, tiny one, of misunderstanding rose between us, but according to reports made by lookers-on a good deal of lightning came out of it. Of course, not understanding each other's language, we had each to watch the other as a cat would watch a mouse, in order to take our cues correctly. At one point I took for mine his sudden pause in a rapidly delivered speech, and at that pause I was to speak instantly. We got along remarkably well, for his soul was in his work, and I gave every spark of intelligence I had in me to the effort to satisfy him; so by the fifth or sixth performance we both felt less anxiety about the catching of our cues than we had at first. On the night I speak of, some one on Salvini's side of the stage greatly disturbed him by loud whispering in the entrance. He was nervous and excitable, the annoyance (of which I was unconscious) threw him out of his stride, so to speak. He glanced off warningly and snapped his fingers. No use; on went the giggling and whispering. At last, in the very middle of a speech, wrath overcame him. He stopped dead. That sudden stop was my cue. Instantly I spoke. Good heaven! he whirled upon me like a demon. I understood that a mistake had been made, but it was not mine. I knew my cue when I got it. The humble *Rosalia* was forgotten. With hot resentment my

head went up and back with a fling, and I glared savagely back at him. A moment we stood in silent rage. Then his face softened; he laid the fingers of his left hand on his lips, extending his right with that unspeakably deprecating upturning of the palm, known only to the foreign born. An informing glance of the eye toward the right, followed by a faint "*Pardon!*" was enough. I dropped back to meek *Rosalia*, the scene was resumed, the cloud had passed. But one man who had been looking on said, "By Jove! you know, you two looked like a pair of blue-eyed devils, just ready to rend each other. Talk about black-eyed rage—it's the lightning of the blue eyes that sears every time."

I had been quite wild to see Signor Salvini on his first visit to America, and at last I caught up with him in Chicago, and was so happy as to find my opportunity in an extra matinée. The play was "Othello," and during the first act he looked not only a veritable Moor, but what was far greater, he seemed to be Shakspere's own "Moor of Venice." The splendid presence; the bluff, soldierly manner; the open, honest look, as the "round unvarnished tale" was delivered, made one understand, partly at least, how "that maiden never bold—a spirit so still and quiet," had come at last to see "*Othello's* visage *in his mind*, and to his honor and his valiant parts to consecrate her fortune and her soul!" Through all the noble scene, through all the soldierly dignity and candid speech, there was that tang of roughness that so naturally clung to the man whose life from his seventh year had been passed in the "tented field," and who himself declared, "Rude am I in speech, and little bless'd with the set phrase of peace."

In short, Salvini was a delight to eye and ear, and satisfied both imagination and judgment in that first act. Like many people who are much alone, I have the habit of speaking sometimes to myself—a habit I repented of that day, yes, verily I did; for when, at Cyprus, *Othello* entered and fiercely swept into his swarthy arms the pale loveliness of *Desdemona*, 'twas like a tiger's spring upon a lamb. The bluff and honest soldier, the English Shakspere's *Othello*, was lost in an Italian *Othello*. Passion choked; his gloating eyes burned with the mere lust of the "sooty Moor" for that white creature of Venice. It was revolting, and with a shiver I exclaimed aloud, "Ugh! you splendid brute!" Realizing my fault, I drew quickly back into the shadow of the curtain, but a man's rough voice had answered instantly, "Make it a *beast*, ma'am, and I'm with you!" I was cruelly mortified.

But there was worse to happen that day. The leading lady, Signora Piamonti, an admirable actress, was the *Desdemona*. She played the part remarkably well, and was a fairly attractive figure to the eye if one excepted her foot. It was exceptionally long and shapeless, and was most vilely shod. Her dresses, too, all tipped up in the front, unduly exposing the faulty members; many were the comments made, and often the query followed, "Why don't she get some American shoes?" I am sorry to say that some of our daily papers even were ungracious enough to refer to that physical defect, when only her work should have been considered and criticised.

The actors had reached the last act. The bed stood in the center of a shallow alcove, heavily curtained. These hangings were looped up at the beginning of the act, and were supposed to fall to the floor, completely concealing the bed and its occupant after the murder. The actor had long before become again Shakspere's *Othello*. We had seen him tortured, racked, and played upon by the malignant *Iago;* seen him while perplexed in the extreme, irascible, choleric, sullen, morose; but now, as with tense nerves we waited for the catastrophe, he was truly formidable. The great tragedy moved on. *Desdemona's* piteous entreaties had been choked in her slim throat, the smothering pillow held in place with merciless strength. Then at *Emilia's* disconcerting knock and demand for admission, *Othello* had let down and closely drawn the two curtains. But alas and alack a day! though they were thick and rich and wide, they failed to reach the floor by a good foot's breadth, a fact unnoticed by the star. You may not be an actor—but really when you add to that twelve or fourteen-inch space the steep incline of the stage—why, you can readily understand how advisable it was for the dead *Desdemona* that day to stay dead until the play was over.

Majestically *Othello* was striding down to the door, where *Emilia* was knocking for admittance, when there came that long indrawn breath—that "a-a-h!" that from the auditorium always means mischief—and a sudden bobbing of heads this way and that in the front seats. In an instant the great actor felt the broken spell—knew he had lost his hold upon the people—but why? He

went on steadily, and then, just as you have seen a field of wheat surged in one wave by the wind, I saw the closely packed people in that wide parquet sway forward in a great gust of laughter. With quick, experienced eye I scanned first *Othello's* garb from top to toe, and finding no unseemly rent or flaw of any kind to provoke laughter, I next swept the stage. Coming to the close-drawn curtains I saw—heavens! No wonder the people laughed. The murdered *Desdemona* had risen—was evidently sitting on the side of the bed—for beneath the curtains her dangling feet alone were plainly seen, kicking cheerfully back and forth. Such utterly unconscious feet they were, that I think the audience would not have laughed again had they kept still; but all at once they began a "heel-and-toe step," and people rocked back and forth, trying to suppress their merriment. And then—oh, Piamonti!—swiftly the toe of the right foot went to the back of the left ankle and scratched vigorously. Restraint was ended, every one let go and laughed and laughed. From the box I saw in the entrance the outspread fingers, the hoisted shoulders, the despairingly shaken heads of the Italian actors, who could find no cause for the uproar. Salvini behaved perfectly, in that, disturbed, distressed, he showed no sign of anger, but maintained his dignity through all, even when in withdrawing the curtains and disclosing *Desdemona* dead once more the incomprehensible laughter again broke out. But late as it was and short the time left him, he got the house in hand again, again wove his charm and sent the people away sick and shuddering over his too real self-murder.

As I was leaving the box I met one connected with the management of the theater, who, furious over the *faux pas*, was roughly denouncing the actress, whom he blamed entirely, and I took it upon myself to suggest that he pour a vial or two of his wrath upon the heads of his own property-man and the stage-manager, who had grossly neglected their duty in failing to provide curtains of the proper length. And I chuckled with satisfaction as I saw him plunge behind the scenes, calling angrily upon some invisible Jim to come forth. I had acted as a sort of lightning-rod for a sister actress.

Salvini's relations with his son were charming, though it sounded a bit odd to hear the stalwart young man calling him "papa." Alessandro had dark eyes and black hair, so naturally admired the opposite coloring, and I never heard him speak of his father's English second wife without some reference to her fairness. It would be "my blond mamma," "my little fair mamma," "my father's pretty English wife," or "before my little blond mamma died." He felt the "mamma" and "papa" jarred on American ears, and often corrected himself; but when Signor Salvini himself once told me a story of his father, he referred to him constantly as "my papa," just as he does in this book of his that makes him seem so egotistical and so determined to find at all costs the vulnerable spot, the weak joint, in the armor of all other actors.

Certainly he could not have been an egotist in the bosom of his family. A friend in London went to call upon his young wife, his "white lily." She was showing the house to her visitor, when, pausing suddenly before a large portrait of her famous husband, she became silent, her uplifted eyes filled, her lips smiled tremulously, she gave a little gasp, and whispered, "Oh, he's almost like God to me!"

The friend, startled, even shocked, was about to reprove her, but a glance into the innocent face showed no sacrilege had been meant, only she had never been honored, protected, happy before—and some women worship where they love. Could an egotist win and keep such affection and gratitude as that?

Among those who complain of his opinionated book I am amused to find one who fairly exhausted himself in praise, not to say flattery, of this same Salvini. It is very diverting to the mere looker-on, when the world first proclaims some man a god, bowing down and worshiping him, and then anathematizes him if he ventures to proclaim his own godship. I have my quarrel with the book, I confess it. I am sorry he does not show how he did his tremendous work, show the nature of those sacrifices he made. How one would enjoy a word picture of the place where he obtained his humble meals in those earliest days of struggle; who shared them, and in what spirit they were discussed, grave or gay? Italian life is apt to be picturesque, and these minor circumstances mean much when one tries to get at the daily life of a man. But Salvini has given us merely splendid results, without showing us *how* he obtained them. Yet what a lesson the telling would have been for some of our indolent actors! Why, even at the zenith of his career Salvini attended personally to duties most actors leave to their dressers. He used to be in his dressing-room hours be-

fore the overture was on, and in an ancient gown he would polish his armor, his precious weapons or ornaments, arrange his wigs, examine every article of dress he would require that night, and consequently he never had mishaps. He used to say, "The man there?—Oh, yes, he can pack and lock and strap and check, but only an actor can understand the care of these artistic things. What I do myself is well done; this work is part of my profession; there is no shame in doing it. And all the time I work, I think—I think of the part—till I have all forgot—*all* but just that part's self."

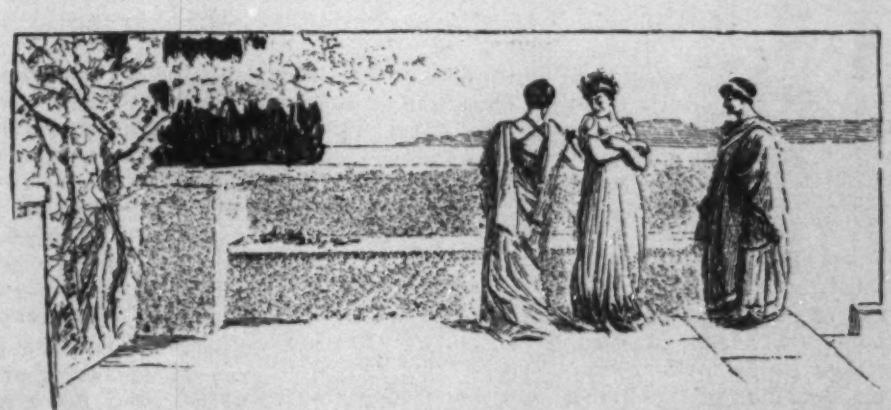
And yet, oh, dear, these are the things he does not put in his book. When he was all dressed and ready for the performance, Salvini would go into a dark place and walk and walk and walk; sometimes droopingly, sometimes with martial tread. Once, I said, "You walk far, signor?"

"*Si, signorina*," he made answer, then eagerly, "*I walk me into him!*" And while the great man was "walking into the character," the actors who supported him smoked cigarettes at the stage-door until the dash for dressing-room and costume.

Some women scold because he has not given pictures of the great people whom he met. "Why," they ask, "did he not describe Crown Princess Victoria (the late Empress Frederick) at least—how she looked, what she wore? Such portraits would be interesting." But Salvini was not painting portraits, not even his own—truly. He was giving a list of his triumphs, and if he has shown self-appreciation, he was at least perfectly honest. There is no hypocrisy about him. If he knew *Uriah Heep*, he did not imitate him; for in no chapter has he proclaimed himself "'umble." If one will read Signor Salvini's book, remembering that the pæans of a world have been sung in his honor, and that he really had no superior in his artistic life, I think the I's and my's will seem simply natural.

However he may have been admired in other characters, I do truly believe that only those who have seen him in "Othello" and "Morte Civile" can fully appreciate the marvelous art of the actor. I carry in my mind two pictures of him—*Othello*, the perfect animal man, in his splendid prime, where in a very frenzy of conscious strength he dashes *Iago* to the earth, man and soldier lost in the ferocity of a jungle male beast, jealously mad—an awful picture of raging passion. The other, *Conrad*, after the escape from prison; a strong man broken in spirit, wasted with disease, a great shell of a man; one who is legally dead, with the prison pallor, the shambling walk, the cringing manner, the furtive eyes. But oh, that piteous salute at that point when the priest dismisses him, and the wrecked giant, timid as a child, humbly, deprecatingly touches the priest's hand with his finger tips and then kisses them devoutly! I see that picture yet, through tears, just as I saw for the first time that illustration of supreme humility and veneration.

Oh, never mind a little extravagance with personal pronouns! A beloved father, a very thorough gentleman, but above all else the greatest actor of his day. There is but the one Salvini, and how can he help knowing it? So to book and author—ready! *Viva Salvini!*



A MENDI

BY ADACHI

TIME: *The heyday of romance in Japan.*

TWILIGHT fell upon the castle town of Kameyama one day, and with it a mendicant. Both seemed to have rained from nowhere in particular.

The gate-keeper of the walled town looked at the holy mendicant. A few pieces of rags were still faithful to him. At the same time, they did not seem to have the delicacy and decency of hiding their unholy and ardent desire to fly away from the sacred personality of the man of meditation every time a frivolous gust of wind tempted them. The glances of the guard had a singular and haughty way of disregarding the flesh and the bone, and, going deeper, of flaying the soul of a man. And on this occasion the full penetration of his eyes was centered on the stranger.

"Honorable teacher of law," said the guard, "condescend to make known to the humble one the reason why you would enter this walled town of the lord of Kameyama Clan."

Those were the days when a man was justified in looking for a spy in his brother.

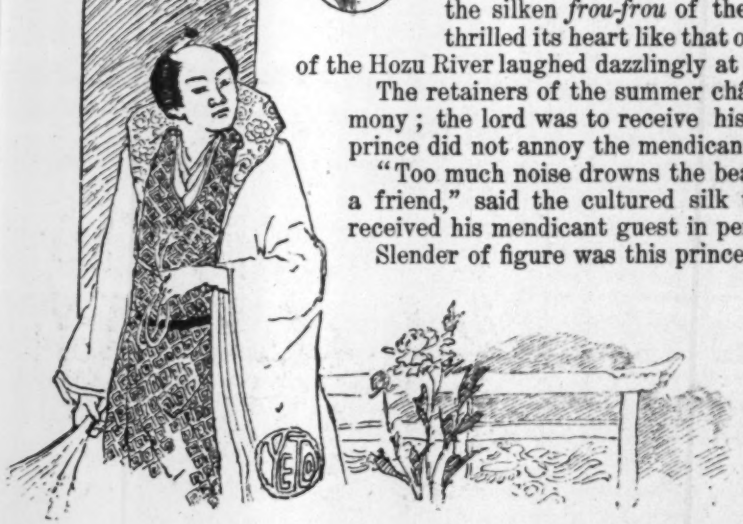
"The lowly one has the happiness of learning," the mendicant made answer, "of the august fondness of the lord of the clan for the game of *Go*, and also that his skill makes the gods full of gossip and open mouths."

AT the time, the lord of Kameyama Castle happened to be in his summer château. It was the delight of the dreamers of dreams, that château. And at that season of the year, the silken *frou-frou* of the shady skirts of summer woods thrilled its heart like that of a boy of sixteen, and the silver of the Hozu River laughed dazzlingly at the youth of its ancient passion.

The retainers of the summer château were in their robes of ceremony; the lord was to receive his guest. At the same time, the prince did not annoy the mendicant with a showy banquet.

"Too much noise drowns the beating of a heart that welcomes a friend," said the cultured silk to the dusty rags—the prince received his mendicant guest in person.

Slender of figure was this prince, and in his features the imagination could see almost anything. And his face was not—perhaps he was such a faithful companion of the moon—of the color of the sun. Some say that intellectual labor has a color—that interesting pallor may be called the blush of romance.



CANT

KINNOSUKE

Other men, especially in his station, invented many excellent ways of killing time; they smoked, drank, and preferred the flower of the flesh to the flower of the field. The prince of Kameyama took to the game of *Go*. It was his only indulgence, this game. When his steps were weary on the cloud ladder on which the mortal plays eavesdropper on the gods, built for the most part by the brain of the cow-worshiping Hindus, and which is called, among those who do not know what they are talking about, speculative philosophy; and when his hands were thoroughly tired over a flower vase, after trying many an hour to catch once again the grace of a dainty goddess who stood, long ago when they had no years on earth, on the field just where the wild lilies stand to-day; and also when he happened to be unemployed in the discovery of the divine in a certain dirt-plastered, ink-hearted son of crime—in short, in his frivolous moments the prince took to the game for an amusement. And those of you who know aught of the game of *Go* would testify with me that beside it the most complicated crazy quilt of curves, lines, and angles in conic sections is a mere nursery rhyme indeed.

On the *Go*-board, in the thick array of black and white stones, the military tactician learns that there is no hand, save his own, which shapes the destiny of a certain battle-field, and also, that Providence is by no means on the side of the heaviest guns. A more important and entertaining thing it will do, this game of *Go*. If a man has a pumpkin where he ought to have a brain, the game will tell him so without the slightest ceremony and with an astounding deal of conscience.

And so it came to pass that the prince welcomed the mendicant fond of the game with an intenser fire and grace than ever an Augustus smiled over wine, women, or song.

"In order," said the prince, "to make the game interesting, I will wager, with your permission, this summer château wherein we play."

The mendicant looked about him and then out upon the stretch of country—the mountains, which were purple with dreams; the valley, whose *kimono* was the green velvet of waving rice; and nearer, under his eyes, the trees and rocks and singing birds which melted most naturally into a poem. It had the appearance of a crown jewel set in a perfect sea of gems, that summer château.

The mendicant knew well that the simple woodwork on the panel of the room cost a fortune, and that the single vase on the *tokonoma* would buy many a house. And after a thorough appreciation and estimate of the value of the stake, the mendicant said calmly, most solemnly, with the same tone in which he would doubtless cite the *suttas* of the Sacred One:

"Graciously permit the humble one,

prince, to offer as my wager one of my straw sandals—the most precious thing the humble one possesses, and which, I fancy, is far more faithful to its master than the best retainers of a lord are known to be!"

The lord was delighted. The summer château was nothing to him: the sandal was something to the mendicant—aye, as he said, the most precious thing he had.

"Have you played much?" the lord asked.

"Very little," said the mendicant. He meant that he played very little for a man who loved the game as well as he did.

Pishi! Pishi! Pishi!—the sound of white and black stones striking the heavy wooden board as they were laid upon it with gentle taps. All else was silent. The marvelous mosaic progressed—in white and black; the mendicant had the black and the lord the white.

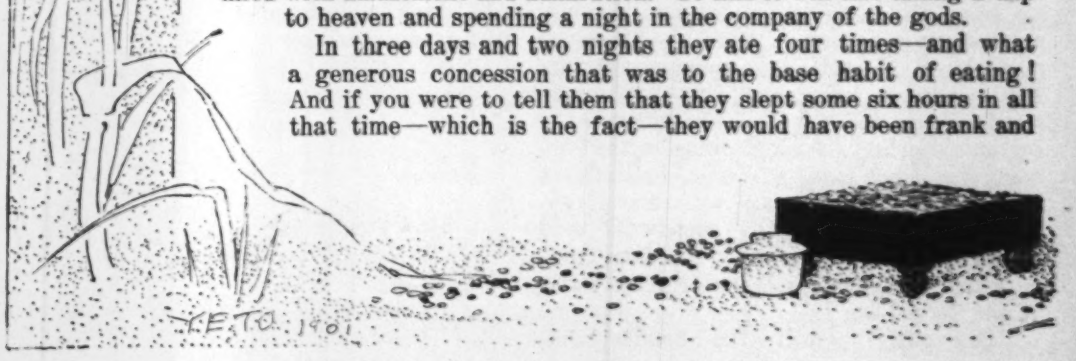
It was the placing of a single black upon a vacant field—utterly meaningless to a prophet who could see something more than rhetoric and parables in the haze of the future; but somehow it served, in the course of time, to cut off the dragon march of a hundred whites from its main body. And isolation and a complete seizure on the *Go*-board, as elsewhere, means death.

The first shock of defeat was very pleasant to the lord of the château. It was such a long time since he had felt a similar sensation. The sense of defeat, and not the wager, made the game interesting to him.

The night, like the black robe of the mendicant, was fading; cocks heralded the coming morn with resounding vanity, and when the candles burnt yellow and the dawn trembled in the dews on the eastern woods, there was a strange couple in the summer château upon whom Time had no power to impress his hurrying steps.

When the morning meal was served, the prince looked at it, annoyed. The mendicant did not condescend to do that much even. Defeat upon defeat, and then another atop the rest. A small heart might have felt humiliation, anger, dejection, and all the rest of the criminal catalogue. As for the lord of the Kameyama Clan, he was filled with amazement and admiration. To him it was like taking a trip to heaven and spending a night in the company of the gods.

In three days and two nights they ate four times—and what a generous concession that was to the base habit of eating! And if you were to tell them that they slept some six hours in all that time—which is the fact—they would have been frank and



told you that it might not hurt you to be a little more honest in the matter of counting.

"Master," said the prince, "it's yours—most gloriously yours! Take it! Really, sir, you have given a few truly happy hours to my life. A shabby wager this! I should have staked half of my clan. And I would have done it had I known you a little better. The humble one craves your pardon most heartily."

Would the mendicant take the stake? The prince prayed that Buddha would direct his judgment to accept it. What glorious nights, when nature is white and sad under the snow, or when it is tearful in the season of rain, might he not have with this mendicant, with a *Go*-board between them!

The mendicant rose; he was quite ready to go.

"August prince," said the holy man in the black robe, "permit the humble out-of-the-world to leave his compliments and sincere regards with your Highness. May the mercy of the Buddha——'

"But the stake," the lord interrupted his guest.

"Kindly condescend to order the sandals of the humble one to be brought to the steps," insisted the man of rags. He did not seem to hear the remark of the prince. The lord of the clan reminded him again of the château.

And the mendicant in his turn insisted on his sandals.

Of course they were brought to him, the old, old, half worn out and very much patched sandals. But the prince was equally persistent—none should despise the wager he had staked.

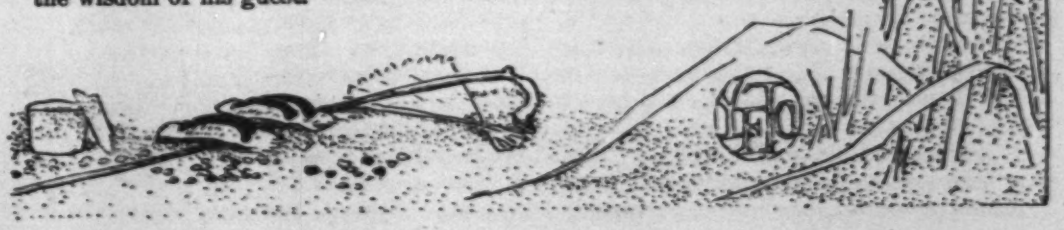
The mendicant looked at his old sandals tenderly—something as a mother, something as a lover—with the pathetic touch of fondness of a confined bird looking out upon the sunny spring day all bright about its cage.

The lord of the clan waited for his reply with an amused patience. The prince was somewhat overconfident.

"The summer château and the pair of sandals!" said the mendicant. Yes, that was the choice; if he accept the château, he could wander with the water and race with the cloud no longer.

"This is my choice," said the man of holy laws, quietly stepping down into his straw sandals.

The lord of the clan—the moment was bitter, of course—appreciated the wisdom of his guest.



The PICTURES and the PINEAPPLES

by **H.A.Crowell**

I.

"WHAT is it, Giuseppe?" said I. "Holiday American, or holiday Italian?"

Giuseppe's fruit-stand was situated at the principal corner of the suburb where I make my home—a New Jersey village about an hour's ride from New York—and as I passed the establishment regularly on my way to and from the city, I had come to have some acquaintance with its proprietor. He was a broad-shouldered, athletic young Italian, rather taller than the average of his race, and with a trifle more than his share of the national jauntiness of bearing. In business he was truly diligent. Early morning and late evening found him at his post, and he was an adept at such practices as turning the best side of fruit outward, or pushing the bottoms of baskets surreptitiously upward. He made amend for such things, however, by the blandishments of manner with which he greeted customers. After the average day of business in New York, it was rather restful to stop on the way home and be cheated by Giuseppe.

To seek this particular form of recreation became something of a habit with me. Today, as I approached his corner, I saw that the fruit-stand was gayly decorated with flags and festoons of paper flowers. In itself, this was not remarkable—Giuseppe had a fine perception of holidays, and like all Italians, was prone to celebrate them with much waving of banners. But this time, as I ran my mind over the calendar, I could remember no excuse.

"What is it, Giuseppe?" said I. "Holiday American, or holiday Italian?"

Giuseppe smiled, slightly embarrassed, I thought. "Italian," he answered. His speech, a cross of native idiom and American slang, was invariably brief. However, as if some further explanation were proper, he added, "Birt'day."

"Ah," said I. "Birthday of the King Umberto? Or the Queen Margherita, perhaps?"

"No, signor," replied Giuseppe. "Birt'day of friend to me." He regarded me for a moment out of the corner of his eye. "Birt'day of lady friend," he added gently.

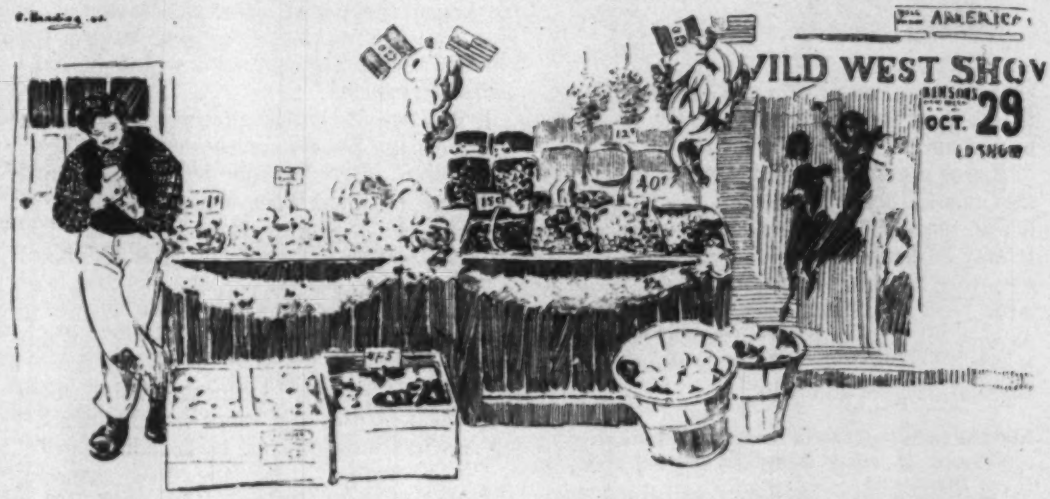
This was manifestly an occasion for congratulations, and I extended them promptly. But Giuseppe's gaze had grown distant, and when he turned to me again, to receive the coin due him for the fruit I had selected, I saw his brow was troubled. "World ver' hard, dis world," said he, and sighed deeply.

The course of Giuseppe's love was evidently obstructed. I hesitated, and while I did so, his need of a confidant came strongly upon him, and he beckoned me around to the end of the stand, away from passers-by. "I show you," he said.

What he showed me came from the breast-pocket of his corduroy coat, along with various fruit invoices and soiled letters with Italian stamps on them. It was an ordinary tintype in a pink paper cover on which was printed the address of a photographer in Naples. Giuseppe laid

it open proudly, disclosing the likeness of one of those maidens of round face and trim figure who bloom so plentifully in southern Italy. The probable brilliance of her earrings, neckerchief, and complexion was lost in the plain shadowings of such photography, but it was evident that Giuseppe was justified in his pride, and to be commiserated in his difficulties, whatever they might be.

My expression of such opinions had the effect of further loosening his tongue, and he told his story. They had played together, boy and girl, in the Neapolitan village where they were born, though she, it appeared, was of a station something above his own. When she was left an orphan, an uncle had taken charge of her and of her little property. Here Giuseppe's brow grew black. He, a peasant's son, had found small favor with the guardian.



"He say, 'I want a da mon'!'" he hissed. "He! A man what you call—oh, I not know. He all time after da mon', hida da mon', swipa da mon' off everrabod'!"

"A miser?" I suggested.

"Yes," said Giuseppe. "Miser, sure. But more like what you call—oh, snake!—pig!" He squared his shoulders and blew out a long breath. "Ah, well, Rosa say, 'Go slow.' I go slow. I keepa cool—ver' cool. I choke down. I not maka da scrap. But by by I go back—den—ah!" His pantomime garroted the wicked uncle into conclusive subjection.

However, for the present, the wicked prospered. Rosa had refused to leave, but she had secretly promised to wait. Giuseppe had come away to the land of gold to earn the money which should give him the right to demand her. So long as she had written to him regularly he had worked on bravely, but for several months there had been no letters. He knew not what to believe, he had not yet money enough to go back, he was despairing; though to-day, with his flags and flowers, he had made an effort to observe the merry custom of his village, where the young folk make holiday together as the birthday of each comes round. He put the picture away with another sigh. "Sure, signor, ver' hard world, dis world," he said, and would have said more, had not he noticed a possible customer hesitating before the fruit. At this sight his melancholy fell suddenly from him, and his face lit up with the affable smile of commerce.

Here, then, was a romance, and though it seemed built on somewhat conventional lines, and its effect was slightly marred by the ease with which Giuseppe's thoughts had returned to his business, I found in it compensation for over-ripe bananas, and I reflected as I passed on that I should be pleased to hear more of it. But the next chapter was several weeks delayed. In our occasional conversations Giuseppe did not allude to the subject.

I fancied that during this time it was rather in his singing than in speech that he expressed his feelings. As the evenings grew colder he used to warm himself by pacing back and forth before his stand, and at such times he often sang his native songs.

One of these, more from its frequent repetition than its character, seemed to me to be telling the tale of his hopes.

It was a common enough song, pallid and sentimental according to our mocking taste, but of the sort in favor among Italian youth. It may be heard along the quays at Naples, and the barbers' apprentices in the little New York shops hum it softly to themselves as they sit and wait for customers through the dull afternoons. Roughly rendered into English, it goes like this:

Now the night is gathered, earth and sea are sleeping.
Wrapped in silver moonlight sweetly they are lying;
Ah, for love's delight, what silence they are keeping—
Not a leaf is stirring, not a breeze is sighing.

Come, then, loved one, rend the veil about thee;
I am worn with waiting, I must die without thee.
Come, my love, for true as heaven above thee,
I must ever love thee—ever will I love thee.

Draw not back, dear; truth thou wilt be wronging.
Why art thou delaying now, wherefore hast thou hidden?
Look from out the shadow, lady, pity now my longing;
Come, my sweet one, speak as love has bidden.

Come, then, loved one, rend the veil about thee;
I am worn with waiting, I must die without thee.
Come, my love, for true as heaven above thee,
I must ever love thee—ever will I love thee.

When I heard these lines, caressingly yielded to the night air of New Jersey, I was sure that for the moment Giuseppe had forgotten even the exigencies of trade, and was thinking of the Neapolitan village and the lady of the tintype.

II.

So matters stood as I took my way home one evening about eleven o'clock, carrying in my hand a book which I had bought that day in town. It was one of the first of a class of publications now more frequently seen—those which give descriptions of picturesque phases of life, illustrated with snapshot photographs of actual scenes. This one was called "The Foreign Quarters of New York," and as I approached Giuseppe's corner, and saw him leaning rather listlessly against the fruit-stand, it occurred to me that among the pictures were several taken in the districts where Italians predominate, and that he might be interested in them.

His attention was, indeed, courteous, but he turned the pages, after all, with only a mild pleasure which did nothing to prepare me for the excitement with which he suddenly effervesced.

It was one of the last pictures in the book—a full-page photogravure—which changed his mood. When he came to this, Giuseppe suddenly held the book closer to his eyes, then at arm's length, then under the full flare of the gas. A moment later he closed it with a bang, placed it under his arm, and holding it firmly with his elbow, began in great haste to turn out the lights and put up the shutters.

"Now, Giuseppe," I expostulated, "would you mind telling me what has happened? Or do you always close in this sudden way?"

"No, signor," he answered, shortly. "Found Rosa." This was interesting, but hardly explanatory. One gas burner was still lighted, and under it he opened the book again and pointed to the picture which had so affected him. It was called "A Scene in the Italian Quarter," and showed a typical tenement street of New York. In the foreground was a tangle of push-carts, their owners turning their faces curiously toward the observer and shielding their eyes from the glare of the sunlight. Beyond them a broad archway opened through a row of battered buildings, and above it a dozen windows

showed. At one of these, three or four stories above the street, stood a young girl, her face and figure fairly distinct. To this figure Giuseppe pointed. "Rosa!" said he, and turned out the last light.

I was inclined to be incredulous. Why should Rosa, supposed to be in a village of southern Italy, appear in an unauthorized photograph on the island of Manhattan? The girl in the picture, too, seemed to me a different person from the maiden of the tintype. The latter was round-faced and bright-eyed; this one seemed worn and thin, with the dull, staring eyes which speak of the pain and dejection of the city's depths. Had not Giuseppe mistaken one Neapolitan girl for another? Still, he might possibly be right. Among the Italians, strong in love, fierce in hatred, greedy for gain, stranger things had happened than this—that a girl should be transported and ill-treated till her eyes grew big. I remembered that, when I had glanced at the illustrations upon first buying the book, this face had looked out upon me with a tragic distinction.

But Giuseppe had me by the arm. "I go to New York," said he. "Will the signor make for me a favor? Come, too, along. Come, speaka for me da langawaitch—da United States."

This was more than I had counted on, and I made some effort to temporize. "To New York to-night?" said I. "What would you do? Sleep over it—make sure. You can do nothing to-night."

"Do notting?" inquired Giuseppe sweetly, but with steely eyes. "You t'ink—do notting? I see Rosa in da book, and—do notting? I tell you, I bust hell, but I get Rosa right off, sharp." He stroked his mustache softly. "Come, den, and speaka for me da United States."

Such faith was impressive. Besides, I began to think that this invitation was not one to be lightly declined. Giuseppe was evidently going to do something—probably something dramatic. Already his story—as he seemed to divine—had taken hold on my imagination; here was a chance to be present at what might prove to be its climax.

I interposed but one more objection. Although the book indicated in a general way the parts of the city in which the pictures had been taken, there was nothing in it to reveal the exact localities. It seemed to me that it might take a long search to identify the place. I explained this to him.

He shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man whose patience is at last exhausted.

"Come," said he. "I know place. Seen him ten—twenta—fifta times. *Arco*—what you call da Arch. Come."

We started.

III.

"THE ARCH" was at that time one of New York's centers of violence and crime. A network of squalid alleys, stretching between two squalid streets, it had taken its popular name from the fact that it was entered at either side through an archway cut in the solid wall of the houses. Here dwelt the Italian ragpickers and venders of decayed fruit, waging daily warfare with the Irish laborers who were the aborigines of the alleys, while the neighboring docks sent up wandering sailors, river thieves, and ragged courtesans, to wield an influence according to their gifts. The police had long before grown callous to the brawls and murders in the Arch, and when they came to its smoke-begrimed entrances, they chose generally to pass by on the other side.

It was after midnight when we reached the New York side of the river and took our way through the silent streets afoot. We had not gone far when I was treated to a slight surprise.

We were passing a cellarway from which the light shone up, when Giuseppe, catching my sleeve to signal me to wait, suddenly disappeared down the stairs. In a moment he was up again, carrying a jute bag containing something of considerable bulk.

"Alla right," he remarked cheerfully as he rejoined me. "Gotta dozen pineapple. Cheapa place, down-stair. Gooda place, open up all night, all day."

He stopped and drew out one of the pineapples, turning it from side to side to exhibit it. "He alla right?" he inquired. "Got ver' cheap. T'ink him sell, eh? Gooda place, down-stair."

I confess that this commercialism grated on me. To see Giuseppe's enthusiasm for gain asserting itself at a time when I was being sacrificed to his declared chivalry was, to say the least, disappointing. "Giuseppe," said I reproachfully, "did we come on an errand connected with the fruit business, or did we come for a girl?"

He laughed shortly, restoring the pineapple to its place, and throwing the bag over his shoulder. "Oh, alla right," he answered. "Get girl too, by by. I needa da pineapple for da stand. Get dem and get Rosa sama trip, sava da mon'? See?"

Argument seemed useless, and we proceeded in silence till we came to our destination. The street, which on a summer night would have swarmed with a noisy crowd, had been cleared of passers-by by the keen autumn air. It was badly lighted, and the wind whistled in the shadowy corners. Just before us a single street lamp threw a glare across the way, and there loomed the Arch, a dark, ugly blot in the row of houses.

Giuseppe opened the book and silently pointed to the picture.

He was undoubtedly right thus far. The photograph had been taken at short range, and the very cracks in the blackened wall repeated themselves before our eyes. The window at which the girl had stood was now closed and dark, its broken panes stuffed with rags. It faced on the street, near the Arch, but the house to which it belonged apparently had its entrance through some interior alley—there was no doorway to be seen. This peculiarity, too, showed in the picture; there was no mistaking the place.

Yet as I looked, I hardly shared Giuseppe's faith. Granting that his interest gave him sharp eyes, and that he had made no mistake in seeing in the picture the girl he sought, how many chances that she had disappeared since the book had been written and published, and in the changes probable with such a shifting tenantry? Or if she were there, how could he approach her at midnight in a district where a single outcry would call together upon the instant an angry mob?

But he was placing the book in my hands, with a great effect of politeness.

"Pardon, signor," he said, "but you sneaka in a doorway and watch. I go him alone now. I tell you, if I get Rosa, you say notting. If everrabod' fight, you say notting. But if da cop catcha me, you speaka da United States. See?"

I said I saw.

"Make out," he went on, "like you know me. Make like you not care. Make like you just happen by along. Speaka da United States." He lowered his voice in a confidential way. "I tell you," said he, "I not afraida fight. I not afraida whole damda Arch. But I not ver' well speaka da United States. Will you sneaka in da doorway, signor?"

This bold lover knew how valuable an interested acquaintance may prove when an arrest is made in New York. The part for which I had been cast I accepted. I chose a doorway, secreted myself as well as I could, and watched.

Giuseppe went on. At the foot of the lamp-post he carefully deposited the bag of pineapples; then he stepped out where the light fell full upon him. There he squared his shoulders, adjusted his necktie, cocked his hat on one side of his head, folded his arms high on his breast—and sang.

And what should he sing but the song he had sung so many nights as he tramped back and forth before the fruit-stand:

Now the night is gathered, earth and sea are sleeping,
Wrapped in silver moonlight sweetly they are lying;
Ah, for love's delight, what silence they are keeping—
Not a leaf is stirring, not a breeze is sighing.

Come, then, loved one, rend the veil about thee;
I am worn with waiting, I must die without thee.
Come, my love, for true as heaven above thee,
I must ever love thee—ever will I love thee.

So sang Giuseppe, with his gaze fixed on the rag-stuffed window. As the last notes of the refrain died away, there was no sign of movement there. He waited a moment and then began the second stanza.

Draw not back, dear; truth thou wilt be wronging.
Why art thou delaying now, wherefore hast thou hidden?
Look from out the shadows, lady, pity now my longing:
Come, my sweet one, speak as love has bidden.

Again there was no response, at least during the first of these lines; but as the song went on I began to think, though in the uncertainty of the light I was hardly sure, that the sash of the window was being slowly and noiselessly lowered. Then, as the stanza was concluded, there was suddenly no doubt that success had come. The figure of a woman was clearly to be seen at the window, and as Giuseppe struck into the refrain

again, his strenuous tenor was joined by a woman's voice, one of those low-keyed voices which seem full of the memory of tears.

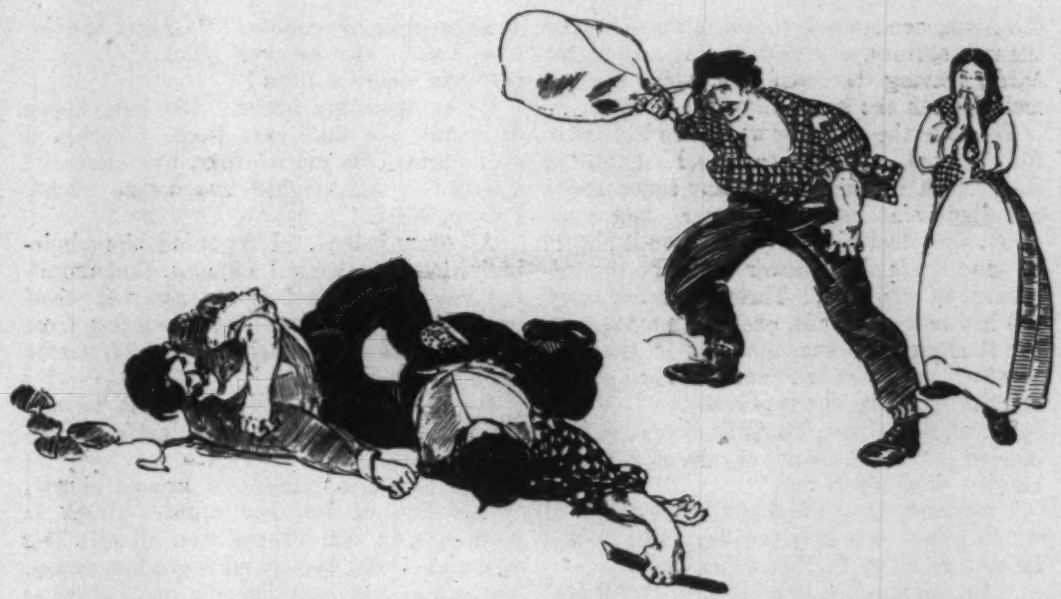
> Come, then, loved one, rend the veil about thee ;
> I am worn with waiting, I must die without thee.
> Come, my love, for true as heaven above thee,
> I must ever love thee—ever will I love thee.

It was perhaps the desire for artistic effect, inherent in the Italian nature, that held both the singers firmly in their places until the refrain was finished. Whatever the reason, the last note was as well accented as the first. Then, as the song was done, the figure disappeared from the window, and Giuseppe, not forgetting to gather up his bag of pineapples, rushed into the shadows of the Arch.

I waited for the sound of the fray, and I had not long to wait. In less than a minute there came from the alleys the most remarkable variety of noises which I have ever heard. Sounds of breaking glass, heavy blows, crashing doors, shouts of men, screams of women, all punctuated by many and unique oaths in the Italian tongue. At length there came a sound as if some heavy body had fallen down a flight of stairs, then the stairs themselves seemed to come down, and a moment later the whole uproar was suddenly magnified, and a wild, shouting mob burst from the dark recesses out into the open street.

Well in the lead was Giuseppe, with one arm around the girl, and his bag of pineapples in the other hand. Italian women have hysterics, it seems, the same as those bred in a keener air. High above the shouts of the pursuers rang her cries, uttered in her native speech, "*Oh, Giuseppe, save me, save me! Oh, Giuseppe, have you come at last? Will they beat me no more? Oh, Giuseppe, is it over? Do not let them beat me. Save me! Save me!*" And always, "*Oh, Giuseppe! Oh, Giuseppe!*" though she was not forgetting to go at very good speed.

But just as they swung fairly into the roadway from the curve of their course from the Arch, Giuseppe turned like a flash, thrust the girl behind him, and faced his pursuers. Two dark figures headed these, and from traditions of Italian character, I looked for the gleam of knives. But if the men had knives, they had no chance to use them. A bag containing a dozen pineapples, swung by the arm of a man strong and thoroughly in earnest, makes a potent weapon. One of the dark figures went down to the pavement, the other staggered to the curb and fell in the gutter, and both stayed where they struck. Surprised by this diversion, the



mob hesitated for the barest instant, and in that instant Giuseppe, with the bag over his shoulder, and the girl, with her hysteria under comparative control, got around the corner and out of sight.

The street had filled suddenly. The sidewalks were packed to the edges, and shouting, gesticulating figures jostled each other in the roadway. A half-dozen heads looked from each of a thousand windows. The tumult was tremendous.

Mentally resigning the office of spokesman in the language of the United States, I started in the opposite direction to that taken by Giuseppe. At first I went slowly, not to attract attention. As soon as I got around a corner I walked much more rapidly, and as I approached the ferry I think I ran, being anxious to catch the boat.

But at the ferry-house all was quiet. Giuseppe had perhaps gained an earlier boat, or maybe he crossed by another ferry. When I reached the fruit-stand, I found it padlocked and quite as we had left it. Congratulating myself on having escaped the complications I had risked, I passed on home, flung down "The Foreign Quarters of New York," and went to bed.

IV.

WHEN I approached the fruit-stand the next morning, some fresh pineapples were prominently displayed, although there was something in the way in which they were surrounded by smaller fruits that might have led the wary to suspect in them an unusual number of bruises. Giuseppe leaned gracefully against his place of business, his feet crossed, and was peeling a partially unavailable orange for his own refreshment.

When he saw me, he laid aside the orange, rubbed his hand on his corduroy trousers, and extended it toward me cordially.

"I get dere alla right," he remarked. "Bote feet."

"And Rosa?" I inquired. "Is she safe?"

"Sure," said Giuseppe. "No needa you speaka da United States. All over."

Whereupon he resumed his orange, and seemed to regard the whole matter as so entirely a thing of the past that it was only by some questioning that I learned the story.

It was quickly told. After Giuseppe had left the Neapolitan village, the girl's uncle had gradually gained complete control of all her little property. This done, he looked for the most profitable way of getting rid of her, and found it by turning her over to one of those padrones who, every year, in spite of the law's watchfulness, manage to bring hundreds of young Italian girls to New York, there to choose between degrading labor or a still darker fate. Alone and worse than friendless in the great city, shut off from every means of communication with the only soul from whom she could expect aid, the girl, through starvation and blows and ever-changing wiles, had unrelentingly fought the daily battle for her honor. Finally she had become a virtual prisoner in

the Arch, condemned to the filthiest toil of the rag sorters, watched by day and night, hardly leaving the room from which she had looked when she heard Giuseppe's song.

That was the song for which she had faithfully waited. It was their old signal, the song which he had sung many times under her window at home. When he had come away, they had agreed that when it should be sung again, her answer would be the fulfillment of his hope. Through all her trials she had listened for it, cheered, perhaps, by the thought that she, too, was in the land to which her lover had come. When at last she had heard it, she was ready.

"Alla right, now," said Giuseppe, in conclusion. "Rosa she not cry dis morn. She laugh—sing—feela fine."

I inquired about the flight to the ferry, of which I had seen only the beginning. Had he met with any further difficulty?

"No, signor," said he mildly. "All ver' dead easy. Skip round corner, jump streeta car; ride ten, twenta block up; ten, twenta block down, sneaka to boat." He assumed an expression of wisdom. "Greata town—New York. Get loss ver' quick."

"And where is Rosa?"

"Oh, down my house. Old lady keepa da house, she take cara Rosa. Sure. I go to priest dis morn—four, five clock. I speaka— Alla right—two weeks come, I marry Rosa."

All over, indeed. I regarded him admiringly, but even while I admired, that unfailing business instinct of his asserted itself once more. His attention, wandering from a subject so thoroughly disposed of, rested upon the pineapples.

He took up one and showed it to me. Its bruises had, indeed, been artfully concealed.

Said Giuseppe, turning it around slowly, "Bust him up bad last night. Break in door, smasha ten, twenta men all with bag pineapple. Eh, well, good, I got him cheap. Not all so bad bust like dis one. I cover him up—sell him, maybe." He tucked little lemons deftly about it again. "Gotta lose da mon, sometimes," said he pensively.